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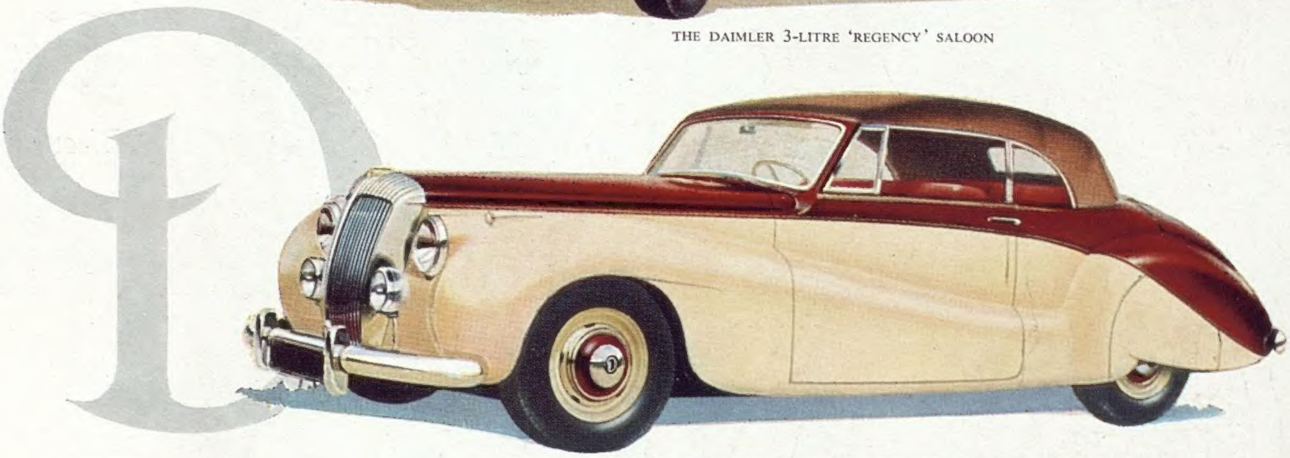

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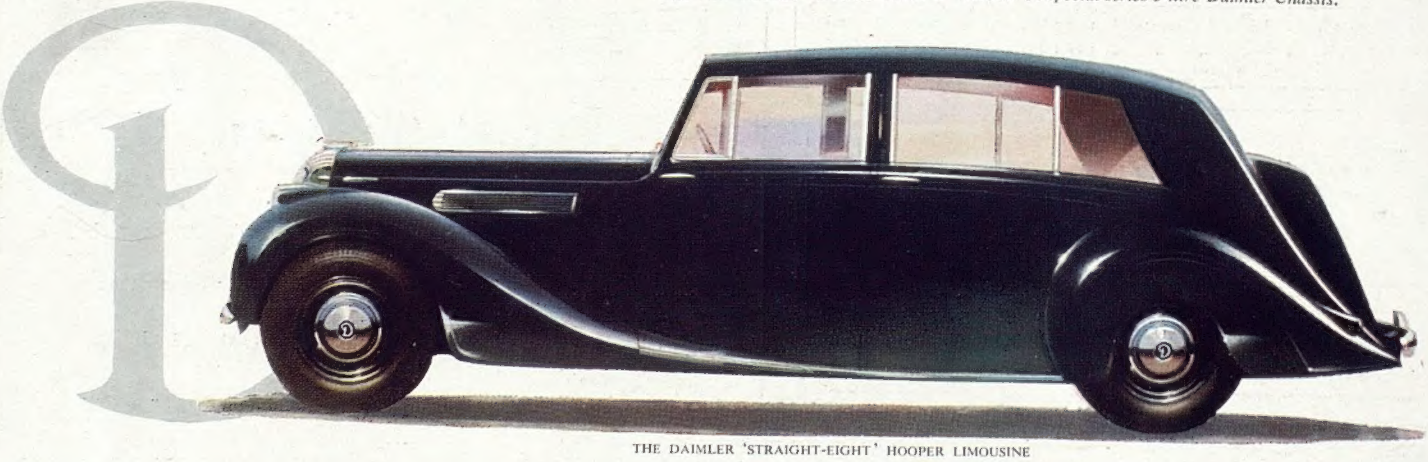

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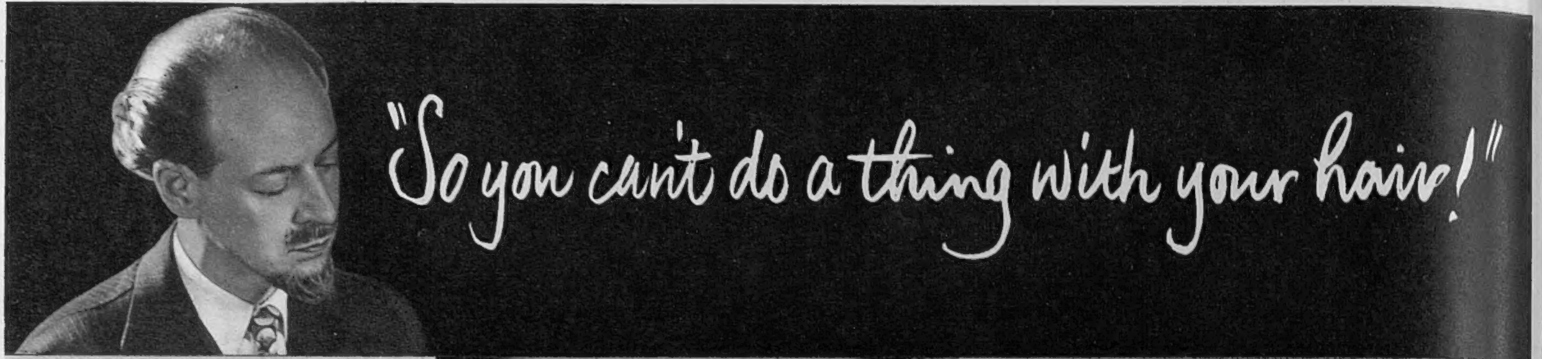

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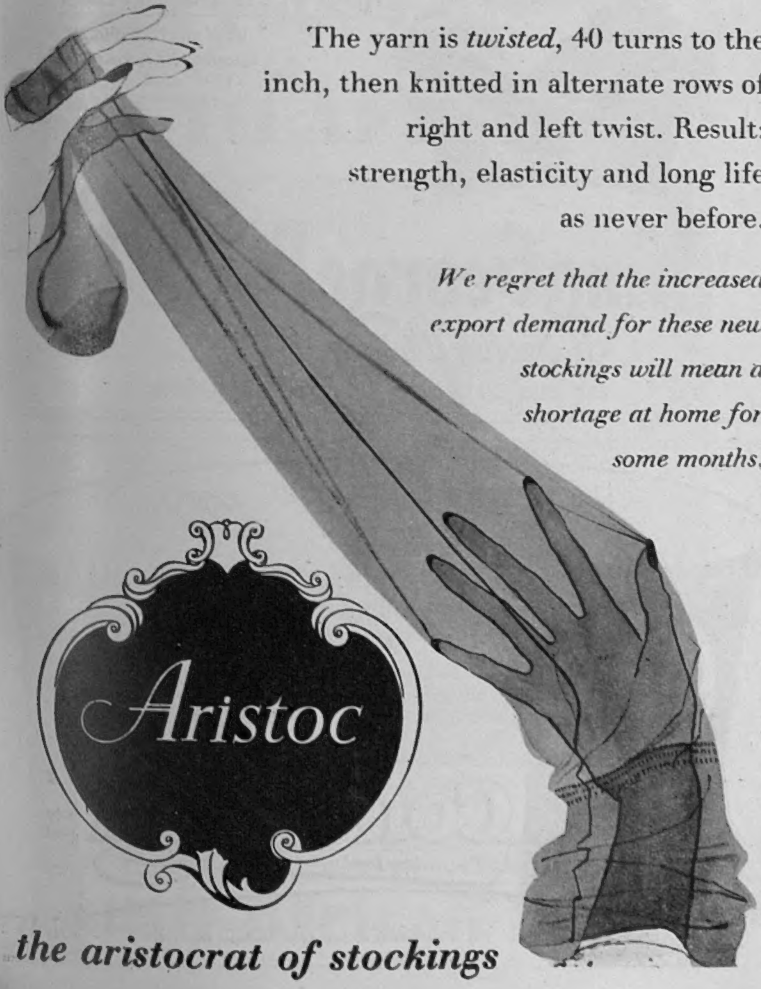
What is 40-twist?



The yarn is *twisted*, 40 turns to the inch, then knitted in alternate rows of right and left twist. Result: strength, elasticity and long life as never before.

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SCENES, SHE PLAYS AS IF IMPELLED

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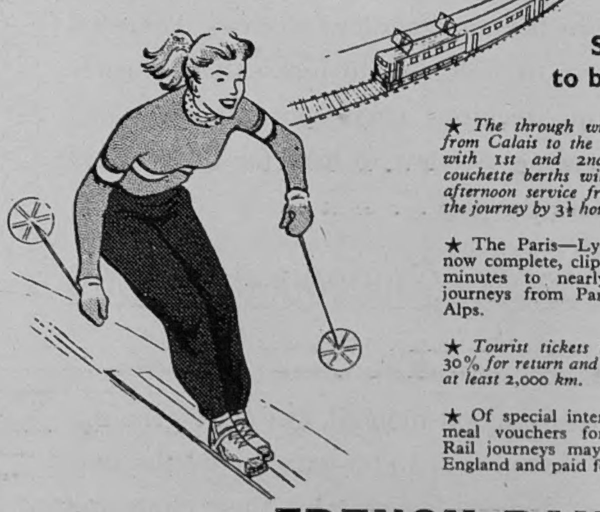
and we *should* have snow, but it's odds-on that rain or fog is what we'll get. So, I'll entrain for a happier clime where snow falls to good purpose and the winter sports season is about to start. Better dust off my skis, for pretty soon I'll be swishing down the snow slopes filling my lungs with the dry, sparkling Alpine air and renewing my summer tan. How will I go? By train, to be sure. French Railways are laying on special services for winter sporters.



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"The Meanest part was Gold"

After the great fire of 1174 that destroyed the old Cathedral, an ironic situation was created. The authorities ordered that the new Cathedral was to be built on the old Anglo-Norman lines. So a French master-mason was placed in charge. His French-Gothic building was subtly influenced by English craftsmanship and local stone, and still more by a twist of fate, which ended his career through an accident after only four years of building. An Englishman completed the great building six years later. Now the Cathedral, mellow with the age of centuries, draws pilgrims from all parts of the world, as it has done since the murder of Thomas à Becket in 1170. Then the pilgrims came barefoot, bearing gifts that enriched the shrine so that Erasmus wrote: "Even the meanest part was gold, every part glistened, shone and sparkled with very large jewels . . ." Today the visitor does not look for gold or jewels. He is content to discover in this place the sense of peace it enshrines, the ancient traditions it sustains, and the spiritual vigour it feeds.

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY ROWLAND HILDER, R.I., FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1952

HAPPY THE BRIDE

"Happy the bride the sun shines on," however autumnal it may be, and it certainly shed the long, enchanting beams of the waning year upon the delightful wedding of the Hon. Davina Mary Cecil to the Hon. Harry John Neville Vane when they were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 8. He is the elder son of Lord and Lady Barnard; she the eldest daughter of Lord Burghley, heir to the Marquess of Exeter. The retinue of engaging tots consists of the Hon. Nicholas Hotham, David Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Harry Brassey, Eirenice Gore-Booth, Moyra Dawnay, Rowena Brassey; and (grown-up) the Hon. Gillian Cecil, the Hon. Angela Cecil (sisters of the bride), Miss Bridget Devereux and Miss Penelope Pleydell-Bouverie. Mr. Nicholas Phipps was best man.

Photographed by Karsh.

TO OPEN THE MOTOR SHOW. Earl Alexander of Tunis, our greatly distinguished Minister of Defence, who has lately returned from Canada where he was Governor-General, has consented to open to-day's Motor Show.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

BY the time this appears the International Motor Show will be in full swing at Earl's Court. For all that I have heard it described as being "more tiring than the Zoo and without the interest of the animals," it really is one of the most remarkable annual functions that take place. This year they tell me there will be more than £3,000,000 worth of cars—mostly, of course, from this country, but with an interesting sprinkling of Continental rivals—while the cost of stand fitting is, I gather, well over £100,000. That, of course, is only part of the story. The motor industry, which is Britain's third largest industry and Britain's largest exporter, draws into it practically every product imaginable. Well over 1,000 firms, trades and industries are involved directly or indirectly in the building of a single British popular car. The high-lights of each year's Show are, of course, such new models as may be on view, even though, in past years at any rate, the vast numbers who throng the Show knew that they could not possibly obtain delivery.

This year, such cars as the Armstrong Siddeley "Sapphire," and the new big Humber look like attracting a great deal of attention. I wonder, incidentally, how many members of the younger generation understood a recent reference on the introduction of a new model to the fact that it was a "Georges Carpentier of a car" because of its looks, speed, punch and ability to take punishment.

Of course, to anybody of my generation or older, Georges Carpentier will always remain the perfect scientific heavyweight boxer. I can recall the terrible moment when a group of small boys read in the morning papers of the defeat of their hero—that amiable "pug" Joe Beckett, the first of a long line of heavyweight champions to assume the prone position—by Carpentier in, I think, the then record time of 73 seconds. One man I know who paid a large number of guineas for his seat never saw the fight at all. After the two boxers had shaken hands he bent down to place his hat and coat under his seat. When he looked up again the fight was over. Sir Reginald Rootes, incidentally, told me that he happened to be coming back from France, and having breakfast in the Railway Hotel at Dover or Folkestone, when Carpentier was returning from his victorious fight with Beckett. He was greatly struck by the fact that Carpentier was so perfectly proportioned that he did not look like a heavyweight at all, and, indeed, gave the impression of being a small man.

I wonder what has happened to M. Deschamps, Carpentier's manager, whose shock of hair was such a joy to the cartoonists of the time, and to the other heroes of my youth, such as the great little Jimmy Wilde, and that fine boxer and great fighter Bombardier Billy Wells, with his dictum that we used to try and carry out—"The straight left beats the world"?

MY recent note on banal school songs has brought me a delightful letter from Mrs. Gerald Moore, the wife of the famous accompanist, who quotes the chorus of her House song at a famous girls' public school in the South of England. It is as follows:

Here's to the High House,
I'm glad it is my House,
I'll work for it all I may.
Present girls, Old Girls,
Keep good as gold, girls,
For that is the High House way.
(*Crescendo and fortissimo*)
FOR TH-HAT IS THE HIGH—HOUSE—WAY!

She says that, alas, she was "never more than 9-carat at the best of times, and was nearly expelled for waving to a company of American soldiers from the lavatory window in World War I."

While on the subject of songs, I should perhaps mention that only one reader has answered my challenge on the subject of the fourth verse of the National Anthem. He is Sir Charles Petrie, the historian, who confirms my view that it was originally a Jacobite hymn. The fourth (Whiggish) verse goes:

God grant that Marshal Wade,
By Thine almighty aid,
May victory bring.
May he sedition hush,
And like a torrent rush
Rebellious Scots to crush.
God Save the King.

As to the ultimate origin of our National Anthem, Sir Charles points out that it is almost certainly French. When Louis XIV. went in 1686 to open what is now the French Military Academy at St. Cyr, he was greeted with a hymn, the music of which was written by Lully.

Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!

Qu'à jamais glorieux
Louis victorieux
Voye ses enemies
Toujours soumis.

Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!

It is clear from this that this is the original on which our National Anthem was based. Sir Charles has a theory that probably throughout the eighteenth century verses of a topical nature were added when required. Thus I think that the Chelsea Pensioners in the Chapel at the Royal Hospital who, with the congregation, conclude the service on Sundays with the first verse of the National Anthem, would be a little surprised if they were asked to go further, and sing the verse which begins:

Tell France, the Pope, and Spain
That they intrigue in vain,
With George our King.

I WAS sorry that other engagements kept me from the inaugural trip of the new Golden Arrow service to Paris. By starting at 2 p.m. instead of its normal mid-morning departure, it enables one to get through a morning's work before setting off. I am told by those who went on the trip that the comfort and cooking on this excellent train are as delightful as ever. Incidentally, honour where honour is due. Coming down from the north recently, I got on to one of the Scottish expresses at Newcastle-on-Tyne and dined on board her. When the attendant asked me whether I would like to have chicken, I refused, having learnt by experience to be wary of the scrawny, athletic fowls which the market appears to reserve exclusively for British Railways. I changed my mind, however, when I saw the dish, which was excellently done with mushrooms, and was as plump, as well liking, and as well cooked as in any West End restaurant. By contrast, I thought the lunch I had in the "Queen of Scots" Pullman coming up—usually the Pullman meals, being run by private enterprise, were much better than those on the nationalised railways—had sunk to the old British Railways standard. I mention this for the benefit of my friend, Colonel F. D. M. Harding, the able Managing Director of the Pullman Car Company, who takes such a normally justified pride in the excellent service he offers.

FREDDY ERROLL, the large, genial and efficient M.P. for Altrincham, describing his recent business visit to the Gold Coast, said that the European firms in that Colony were "like a keel for a lively yacht" as far as the Colony's economy is concerned. This yachting simile comes naturally to him, as he is passionately keen on sailing. Freddy is a trained engineer—I believe he started his career as an apprentice with Metropolitan Vickers in Manchester—but spends all the time that he can spare from his political and business activities in the least mechanised of all sports—small boat sailing. He told me recently that his great grief this summer was that he could not find anybody who would take him on as crew. However, he and his attractive wife Elizabeth went instead to Austria, where they had the not very pleasant experience of getting lost in the Soviet Zone of Vienna. However, all went well, and the Soviet policeman who scrutinised their passports—upside down—saluted them smartly and put them on their way.

I SUPPOSE the Spaniards are, with ourselves, strong candidates for the title of being the second worst linguists in the world. (The Americans and French I should bracket first.) They are as peninsular in their outlook as we are insular, and a Spaniard talking French has as distinctive an accent as a Briton doing the same thing.

I was delighted to hear recently of three charming young Spanish ladies who were staying in a hotel in Bordeaux. The beds were not very comfortable, and so they asked for three extra mattresses—or, at least, they meant to ask for three extra mattresses. Their demands from the manager in this harbour town for *trois matelots* to "make the beds more comfortable" was obviously regarded by that gentleman as a little unusual!

Toby O'Brien

Throb, throb of the Piccadilly pulse and away we go, lit by arc-lights and police lanterns—and with the sky as the limit.

The power of the Press protects Miss Dagmar Wright, one of the hostesses, who lurks fascinatingly behind a newspaper screen which baffles Mr. Charles Gladitz

The old trout flogging a flower is Mr. Armstrong Jones; with Mr. Guise and Lady June Hay.

BACK THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Tremendous response to the squeeze-box busker: Mr. Don Morrin and Miss Elizabeth Parsons on the left and to his right the Hon. Jennifer Bethell and Mr. John George.

Baron Theo von Roth (*centre*) was the owner of No. 22, from which stemmed this vast party. *Left* is Miss Heather Dickson Wright, a hostess. *Right:* Miss Elizabeth Sanger.

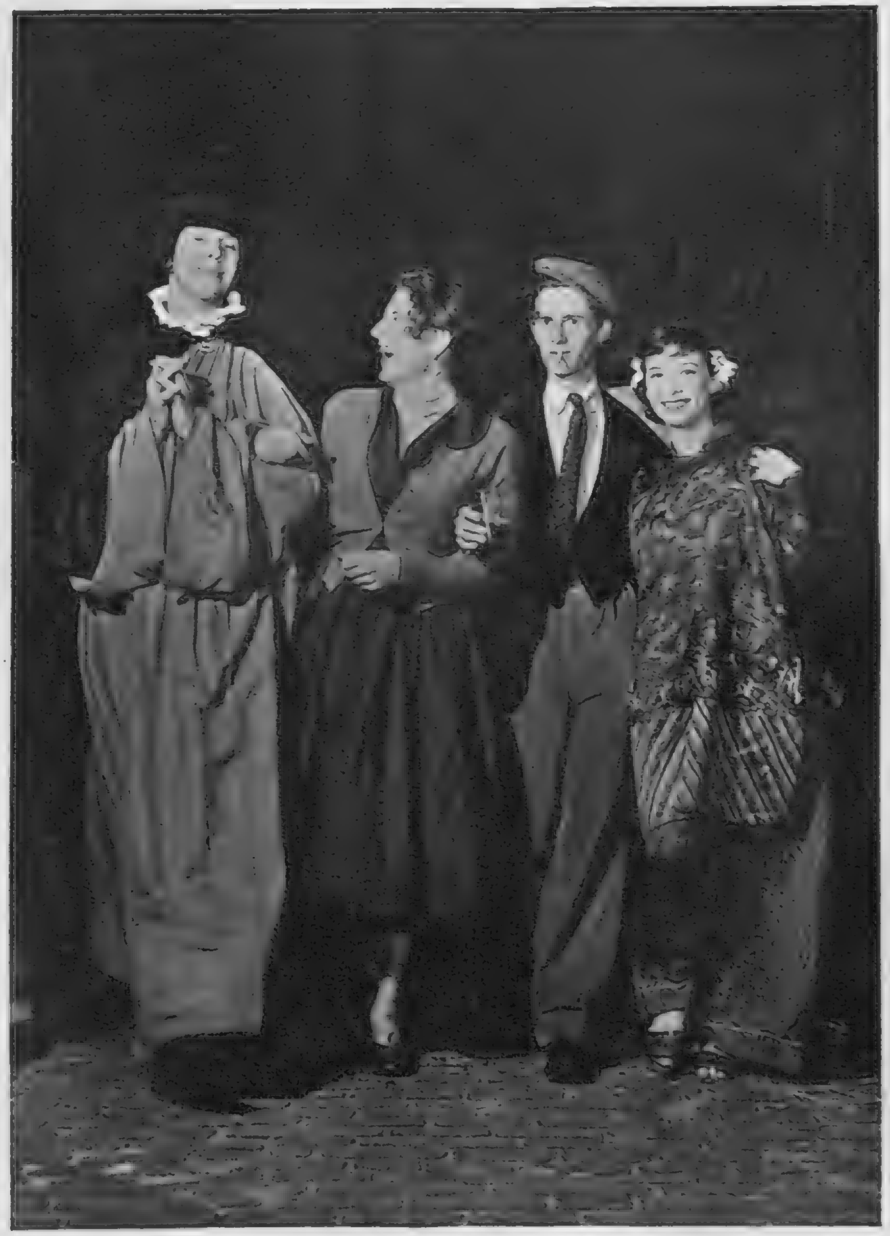
Tremendously got-up (Edwardian-cum-'twenties) was Mr. Jeremy Scott, here dancing with Miss Shirley Were.

Mick and Mike, Piccadilly acquaintances of many of us, were agog at Miss Charlotte Strachey and Mr. John Trehearne; his pants and garters dazzled quite a few of the many.

Right: The Hon. Robert Erskine, who did the décor on the walls, including Greta Garbo with a crossword puzzle on her leg.

Hurrah for going backwards as a change from progress! Those dear old 'twenties roared again for several hours at the party given by Baron von Roth and a mass of his young friends at 22, Minera Mews, in dulcet Belgravia. The young, the gay, and the middle-aged trampled each other nearly to death in a mad scramble on the cobbles at this glorious back-to-the-bad-old-days party, where ladies tottered about in spangly dresses and those awful "headache bands." People took the opportunity of dressing up, *just* like the dear old days when everyone was zizzed up as Someone even more bygone: the Duke of Wellington, splendidly re-created by Mr. Hugo Galbraith, arrived on the back of a motor-bike, and Piccadilly characters Mick and Mike typified the spirit of the party. (More details in *Our Social Diary*.)

Mr. Roderic Owen, author of *Tedder*, which came out this spring, is here between Miss Elizabeth Sanger and Mr. Mike King Smith, with a "rooty-toot" man on the far left.



Tremendously Popish on the left is Mr. Spencer Le Marchant; his gay escort is Mr. Jerry Ackroyd; next comes Lord Pollington, who couldn't face the sweat of bringing the barrow he is effectively got up for; Miss Pixie Marlowe on the right.

OUR BOOKSHELF

PRISONER OF GRACE. By Joyce Cary. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)
LOVE FOR LYDIA. By H. E. Bates. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)
CHARLIE CHAPLIN. By Theodore Huff. (*Cassell ; 25s.*)
TALLULAH. By Tallulah Bankhead. (*Gollancz ; 16s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IN his new novel, *Prisoner of Grace*, Mr. Joyce Cary once again leaves one impressed by the brilliance, one might almost say the bravado, of his technique, but with a sense of having been deluded rather than convinced by his legerdemain. The story takes the form of an autobiography written by a woman who has spent her life fluctuating (it is the only word) between two men. One of these, her cousin Jim Latter, becomes an embittered empire builder, but returns to Nina's life at intervals and is, she evidently supposes, the only man she loves. The other, Chester Nimmo, she marries to avoid a scandal which would have involved Jim, then a young officer. This Chester Nimmo, a politician of the old Nonconformist Radical sort, has a gift for persuading himself of the moral rightness of whatever suits him, some power of oratory and all the ruthlessness of a man who can believe passionately in his own rectitude when he is doing some particularly wicked thing. Nina has two children by Jim after her marriage to Chester, and it is typical of the politician that, although in one sense he knows they are not his, he never admits it, perhaps even to himself. It is a long story which coaxes the reader into following this trio through thirty years of public and private life, and a good many scandals and scenes. It is a fair representation of life as its characters know it, neither quite tragic nor quite comic, nor indeed quite anything at all. It makes one intensely interested but completely unmoved.

ON the other hand, *Love for Lydia*, the new novel by H. E. Bates, wrings the withers. It should do so ; it is a love-story and its characters are young people, impulsive, vulnerable and endearing. Lydia is the adopted niece of two old sisters and their elderly brother who live in a decaying mansion on the outskirts of a Midland industrial town. The narrator is a young man very much of the new world which has grown up round the Aspens, who still drive in an "enormous brown coachwork Daimler with the gilt monogram on the doors." The old sisters realise that Lydia needs him and his friends if her life is not to be as anachronistic as their own and encourage young Richardson to take her to local dances. Lydia, a passionate yet somehow lovable egotist, completely enslaves the young man and, in different ways, a number of his friends, involving them in tragedy. The end of the story is unexpected yet "right." But as in every novel by this author, the setting is as real as the figures moving against it, and the changing seasons as vivid as their changing emotions. Mr. Bates can freeze his world or smother it with sunshine in a few words, he can whistle up the spring or autumn with a phrase or two. It is a rare gift, for nothing is more tiresome than a novelist trying to paint his background and succeeding only in making a topographical survey or a weather report.

THE most ambitious and detailed of several books on the great comedian, *Charlie Chaplin*, by Theodore Huff, is published pat on the arrival of its subject in Great Britain. It is a painstaking, detailed, well-illustrated but badly-written book which traces the evolution of the famous "little man" through the earliest films and up to the latest. Clichés crowd the text ; in the first two pages alone we find "every part of the globe," "our foremost writers and intellectuals have vied," "kaleidoscopic life," "target of criticism," "inexhaustible creative fecundity," "personal charm," "mythical world figure," "at the very outset," "a rich vein of comedy." But if the reader can take it, he will be rewarded by finding a thoughtful book which will help him to understand the interesting character both of Mr. Charles Chaplin and of Charlie. This, for instance, is how the author describes the birth of the ironic quality which became so noticeable in later films : "A new note, *irony*, makes its appearance in the Essanay films. It is marked in *Police*, which begins with Charlie's release from prison ('Once again in the cruel, cruel world'). He meets a reformer, who pleads 'Let me help you go straight.' Charlie, overcome, wipes his streaming eyes on the reformer's beard as the latter looks heavenward. Later, when Charlie sees a drunkard leaning against a telephone pole with a watch dangling from his vest pocket, he remembers the reformer's words and resists the temptation, only to see the watch gone after the reformer has stopped to deliver a temperance lecture. Needless to say, Charlie resists all subsequent 'reformers.'" Equally truthfully he shows how other aspects of the little man evolved, like the pathos which first became pronounced in *The Vagabond*, a forerunner of *The Kid* and *The Circus*. Mr. Huff also tells the story of the various divorces, the triumphant visits to Europe and all the rest of it. The illustrations are chiefly stills and portraits.

ONE theatrical autobiography which has certainly not been "ghosted" by anyone is *Tallulah*, by Tallulah Bankhead. This is the authentic husky voice speaking : "I have milked a mammoth, and I travel with adjustable window-screens. I have been up in a balloon with Sir Nigel Playfair, and down in a submarine with Gary Cooper. I have scaled an elephant in a St. Louis zoo, and christened an electric rabbit with a jeroboam of Lanson 1912. I have clerked behind a counter with Margot Asquith and sung duets with Margaret Truman." It rushes on in this What-Katie-Did vein for 279 large pages, scarcely pausing for breath while it tells of Miss Bankhead's personal triumphs in life as well as in the theatre and cinema, how she scored off film directors, how Lord Beaverbrook, cosily referred to as "Max," took her to see Mr. Churchill, how she "got a great kick tooling down Piccadilly" with Ramsay MacDonald, how she nearly got the part of Scarlett O'Hara, how she quarrelled with the playwright Lillian Hellman over a Finnish relief fund, how President Truman sent her tickets for his inauguration ceremony after she had introduced him over the radio, how she played this or that part in this or that film. It's all full of gusto and vulgarity and exaggeration and man-to-man frankness, but it makes one feel that one has been watching very vigorous people doing violent things till one had become exhausted in sympathy. It will put you to sleep, not from boredom, but from sheer fatigue.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

UNEASY STREET.
By Bridget Chetwynd. (*Hutchinson ; 10s. 6d.*)
A quietly amusing and convincing novel about a likeable London family. Strong recommendation for those who find relief in a humorous and rather sentimental view of modern city life.

COLD BLOOD.
By Leo Bruce. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN FLIES.
By Victor Canning. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)
A skilful thriller.

THE YEAR RETURNS.
By Elizabeth Hamilton. (*Joseph ; 15s.*)
Pleasantly written notes about birds at Longleat, Wiltshire.

BEATING AUSTERITY IN THE KITCHEN.
By Lady Peacock. (*Faber ; 8s. 6d.*)
A thin book about preserving fruit and vegetables.

MINE OWN CONTENT.
By Marguerite Scott. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE JOURNEY OUTWARD.
By Maurice Collis. (*Faber ; 21s.*)

THE STORY OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, 1860 TO 1950. By Charles G. Mortimer and Fred Pignon. (*Jarrolds ; 16s.*)

THE CASE OF THE COUNTERFEIT COLONEL.
By Christopher Bush. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)

Authors of To-day

II. MARGERY ALLINGHAM

Sharing with Agatha Christie the first honours of the detective novel, Margery Allingham was born in Essex. She is one of a family of writers. Her first novel, a story of pirates in Stuart times, was published in 1921. Seven years later the first of her "Albert Campion" detective novels, *The Crime at Black Dudley*, was published. It was followed by *Mystery Mile* (1929), *Look to the Lady* (1930), *Police at the Funeral* (1931), and since then about a dozen Campion novels have followed, including great successes like *The Fashion in Shrouds* and the most recent, *The Tiger in the Smoke*. Miss Allingham is married to Mr. Philip Youngman Carter, the artist. They still live in Essex.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

OCT. 3.—Fine wrought-iron gates to pass or peer through according to your fancy divided the dancing from the drinking end at the Eaton Place club, which gave a jolly party. The only light, which was a pleasantly devilish red, glowed up from the floor, giving the illusion of a swimming-pool in hell and adding greatly to the pleasures of a very gay evening. Other pleasant touches were the mechanised ashtrays, with buttons to press which made the ash whirl reassuringly out of sight, blue walls thickly encrusted with stucco and masses and masses of flowers.

Among people allowing their evening to seep away in these engaging surroundings were Miss Sheila Denson, Miss Jill Dixon, Miss Daphne Greenwood, Miss Susan Osbourne, the Messrs. Ben and Jonathan Hillier, Major Billy Bull, late of the Scots Guards, Mr. Tim Manville Hales and Captain and Mrs. Kim Boddington : all organised by Mrs. Guy Barker.

OCT. 4.—Leafless tea in huge beer-mugs labelled G.W.R. was an enjoyable feature at a party where we met Miss Irene Worth, just back from her tour of South Africa with the Old Vic Company, for which she is to play Portia in their Christmas production of *The Merchant of Venice*. She had delicious stories to tell of South Africa, which she adored, including descriptions of native theatrical productions, among them a repertory of the Agamemnon and two native plays crammed with effective mime. Without scenery the Old Vic gave a special 10.30 a.m. performance of *Macbeth* for students, and there was a capacity audience.

OCT. 6.—More news from the warm and dazzling Costa Brava, where lucky people are lapped by the Mediterranean. At the newly-opened restaurant *La Cala*, which has been beautifully done up in pink and green, were Senor Pedro Bloch and his lovely wife, who sang divinely and then handed the microphone round to all the guests ready to have a go ; the Marques de Posoblanco and Senor Don Fernando Valenti, connoisseur of antiques from Barcelona, with his pretty wife.

At Barcelona's famous rendezvous, the *Parellada*, were the millionaire Tommy Shields, who owns one of the loveliest villas on the coast, with his gay and attractive wife ; also the well-known Fabra brothers, who are the Spanish counterpart of Coats of Paisley, with a large party of friends.

OCT. 6.—More, more and more about the wild, old-time party in Minera Mews, where 500 people cleverly refrained from breaking more than 250 glasses and the two grey toppers worn by Mick and Mike of Piccadilly were scarcely enough to create a Royal Enclosure atmosphere, although plenty of débutantes were there in a mass of mysterious get-ups. Among people

(Continued overleaf)

OCT. 1.—EQUERRY DOG. Tremendously conscious of his proud position, the Great Dane guards the lady (Mrs. John Raiss) at the Garth Hunt Jumping Show.

OCT. 2.—VEIL IN THE WIND. Mr. J. R. Dent and Miss Ann Denison-Pender, daughter of Lord and Lady Pender, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

OCT. 6—WHITE RUSSIA IN PIMLICO. The Court of Catherine the Great was crammed with Galitzines ; here is a descendant, Prince Yurka, marrying Miss Sandford-Johnson at the Russian Orthodox Church in Buckingham Palace Road.

OCT. 7.—AUTUMN WEDDING. Maj. R. Heywood-Lonsdale, of the Grenadier Guards, with his bride, Miss Jean Rollo, sister of Lord Rollo, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

OCT. 8.—LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET. Sir Leslie Boyce, this year's Lord Mayor, gave a banquet to the bankers and merchants of the City of London. Sir Leslie leads the way into dinner with Mrs. Butler ; next comes Mr. R. A. Butler with Lady Boyce, and Mr. Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England, with his wife, Lady Hermione Cobbold.

OCT. 8.—QUEENLY DUTIES. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands recently opened a new housing estate scheme in Amsterdam, where 30,000 houses will be built. The Queen opened a "living door" of children carrying banners.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

not in our photographs on pages 386-387 were Miss Mary Stuart-Wortley, Mr. John Siddeley, Lady Kingston, Count Michael Raben-Leven-Tzau, Mr. Robin Murlees (George Dragon), Miss Virginia Tate, Mr. Andrew Heath, Mr. Nicholas Phipps, Mr. Jonathan Hargreaves, Mr. Michael Clark, Mr. Tony Bevan, Mr. Peter Raymond, Mr. David de Yonger, Miss Anne Kirkland, Mr. Leslie Farmiloe, Miss Tessa Ryan, Miss Shelagh Ross-Skinner and Countess Sophie Soumbrakoff. Everyone pranced gaily on the cobbles to the tunes of a mixture of musicians garnered from Piccadilly and its enticing side-streets, with occasional nips of Bordeaux wines and Madeira to keep them going.

OCT. 11.—The shadows of the tiny jockeys lengthened until they almost spanned the shining green of the parade ring on this lovely last autumn day of Ascot racing; the background sweep of fat, billowing trees glowed in the rich October sunshine: oaks of lineage even more ancient than racing and elms like full-bottomed wigs. Beyond them stretched the rolling country, brooding as peacefully as the cows which graze on it while raucous Tattersalls and the Silver Ring buzzed their enthusiasm for the great sport instituted by Charles II. and supported by every king and commoner since. Almost too high to be seen there was at one moment the silver gleam of an aeroplane: otherwise the centuries might never have passed and the glistening horses with their brilliantly-coloured jockeys have galloped straight out of an old sporting print.

"They 're off!" yells the loud-speaker, echoed by the crowd; up in the Press Stand a restrained character immediately lifts the receiver off a telephone and says, apparently to no one, "They 're running."

People in the paddock were trying to spot next year's Derby winner among the quivering two-year-olds; owners included the Duchess of Norfolk, in pink tweeds, who was furious at not having backed her 20 to 1 winner, *Underground Movement*, a lovely little filly who is only to run once again this season; the Duke, looking very pink and healthy, screwed up his eyes in an amused way. Lady Zia Wernher, with Sir Harold, was another owner there; also Lady Bullough. Lieut.-Colonel Harold Boyd-Rochfort, brother of the trainer, was to be seen; also Lady George Scott, very fond of racing; Mr. J. A. Dewar, another famous owner; Lord Willoughby de Broke, always at every race meeting like Lord Rosebery, there too; Lord Carnarvon in great form; Lady Jean Christie; splendid old Mr. "Atty" Persse; Mrs. Napoleon Brinckman; Mr. and Mrs. George Dennehy and Mrs. Bushell, originally Miss Magda Stourton.

There were many delightful moments, like the one when a young gal greeted an old gal with "Hallo, Aunt Dotty! What are *you* doing here?"; and when first, second and third in the Cumberland Lodge Stakes were all chestnuts which might have

OCT. 8.—BLAZING SUNSHINE. This sun-dazzled group has just arrived from Malaya, where the Duchess of Kent and her son, the Duke, were photographed with General Sir Gerald Templer.

OCT. 10.—CREEPERED WALLS BEHIND, Sir Roger Makins, our new Ambassador to the U.S.A., at Sherfield Court, his country home, with Lady Makins (carrying their 18-months-old son, Dwight), their daughter, Patricia, aged 6½; and their twin 17-year-old daughters, Mollie in a coat and Cynthia out of one.

OCT. 10.—ATTENDANTS GALORE. *Left*, the former Miss Bridget Devitt, youngest daughter of the late Sir Philip Devitt and of Lady Devitt, leaves St. Thomas-a-Becket Church in Hertfordshire after marrying Mr. Michael Greenwood, Grenadier Guards. *Right* are the two tiniest attendants: Victoria Koelle and Duncan Dickson.

OCT. 11.—CONSERVATIVES CONFER. Mrs. Winston Churchill and her daughter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, at Scarborough for the annual Conservative Conference.

OCT. 12.—PONY OF THE YEAR. Proud young Jenny Bullen on *Royal Show* is presented with the Perpetual Challenge Cup for the pony of the year by Mrs. R. S. Summerhays at the Harringay Horse of the Year Show, the fourth in succession at Harringay Arena. It has not taken long for this to become a famous indoor horse show, and many countries were represented, including Germany.

been triplets and must have made the photo-finish quite a thing to sort out, although their jockeys sailed them into the appropriate unsaddling positions with perfect confidence minutes before the verdict.

OCT. 11.—That evening there was a very gay younger generation party in pompous Kensington, where potato crisps were handed round in a warming-pan and bottles were stacked in milk-racks. The young Misses Shirley and Cicely Were were the hostesses, the guests brought their own bottles and there was that Back-to-the-'Twenties atmosphere all over again: purloined street signs decorating the walls, blues music wailing from the gramophone between the more up-to-date glories of "Fats" Waller and the crunch of broken glass in all directions.

Among chaps and girls enjoying it were Trooper Nigel Broakes, late of Stowe and just starting his National Service; in beards, two other ex-Stoics, the Messrs. David Fitzgerald and John Hargraves—he has been kept *very* busy in the vice-squad of Singapore—Mr. Felix Hope-Nicholson, Mr. Burgo Partridge, Miss Jill Dixon, Miss Josephine Hill and Mr. Peter Davidson.

Part of the gay writing on the wall was the injunction to dogs not to commit nuisances.

OCT. 13.—Sturdy adherence to painting has put Miss Anna Airy where she is, and her recent exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries has established her among the few women painters of any note, painting being apparently the thing at which women, who have been so very vanguard in the last decades, excel least. She has ranged from etching to bold impressionism in oil, water-colour and pastel, and has the distinction of having been admired and commented on by Suffolk yokels, one of whom said to the other (when she was enterprisingly painting a dead frying-pan in a hedge): "That there fry-pan in the picter look more like a fry-pan than that one what lay there."

OCT. 14.—Lovely Mrs. Randolph Churchill was at the first night of *The Apples of Eve* with Mr. Felix Hope-Nicholson. She was Miss June Osborne and has a fair and fragile kind of beauty which is deceptive, as she is a tough and excellent horsewoman and goes hard out hunting; she is also remarkably intelligent.

It was fun seeing Florence Desmond again, playing seven characters too—always famous for her imitations, of course. The play might have been called "Seven Characters in Search of an Actress"—why doesn't someone revive Pirandello's enchanting *Six Characters in Search of An Author*?

Miss Desmond's husband, Mr. Charles Hughesden, was there, and her young son came specially up from school: they were with Mr. and Mrs. Max Aitkin. Also in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maydwell and the Musgrove brothers, famous and very social medicos. Mr. and Mrs. George Kent deputised for Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, "inveterate" first-nighters.

OCT. 15.—"Houseproud Hannah" seems a slightly coy claim but no doubt rings endless bells for happy housewives. Her annual Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair is a treat in store for all and is due on Guy Fawkes Day, of happy memory for little boys of English descent who have long ago forgotten the reason for their

(Continued overleaf)

OCT. 12, just received. W.R.A.C. AT LADYSMITH, FAYID. This sounds an appropriate setting for the Women's Army which didn't exist when the famous battle took place. *L. to r.*, Major E. M. D. Coventry, Captain Constance Harling, Major P. de M. Baynham, Miss Constance Grocock, Major T. R. Newton-Dunn and Mrs. Newton-Dunn.

MORE ABOUT THE W.R.A.C. *On the left* Captain Elizabeth Thomas dances with Major I. Renwick; *right* (*l. to r.*) are Mrs. Donald McCarthy, Mrs. David Willison, Mr. Donald McCarthy, Major David Willison and, *in the background*, Lieut.-Colonel E. B. Dansie.

OCT. 13.—NORTHERN WEDDING. In Perthshire Miss Rosemary Barrie, daughter of Lady Abertay, married Mr. John Stuart Maitland, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. J. K. Maitland.

OCT. 14.—LONDON WEDDING. Mr. James Morrison is the son of Mr. John Morrison, M.P. for Salisbury; he married Miss Clare Barclay at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

OCT. 14.—THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN. *On the left* is Lady Mountbatten with the King and Queen of Sweden, her guests in Malta. Occasion: divine service in the cruiser *Glasgow*.

OCT. 14.—GIVING A SPADE A NAME. The Duke of Edinburgh is autographing the spade he had used earlier to plant a tree at Stoke Hammond, in Bucks.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

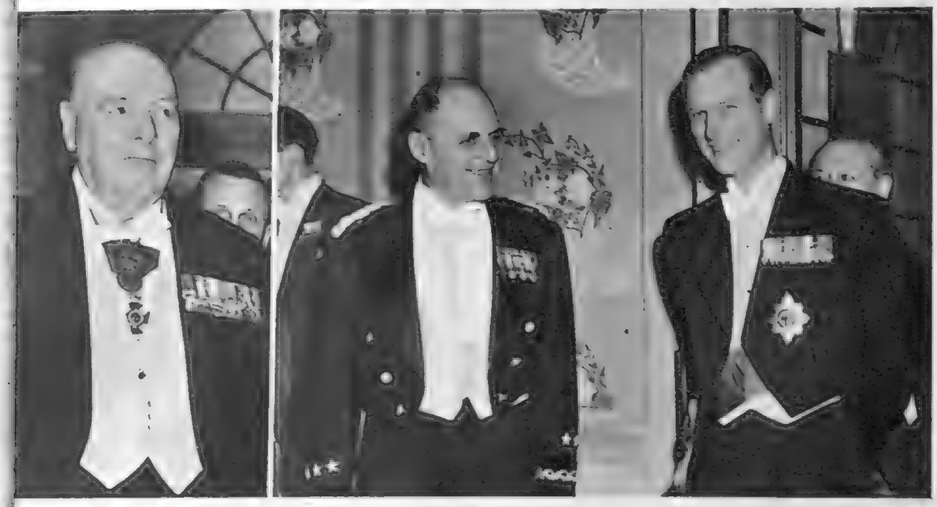
annual treat or why the Mr. Fawkes they guy got into such bad odour. This dashing Hannah (dashing in the efficient sense, if such a thing can be) has collected a mass of stuff for this year's Fair which includes a beauty parlour in which the Christian young women can learn to doll themselves up. Exciting and interesting toys are promised on the nursery stall; the Scottish Storeroom will be presided over by Lady Clarry; a Welsh stall—with English spoken—is to be organised by Lady Cecil-Williams. The Rani Maharajah Singh has sent some lovely Indian embroidery and silverware and many interesting people are concerned with the whole thing.

OCT. 16.—A gay encounter with Mr. Dylan Thomas and his dear boon companion, Mr. John Davenport. Our great Welsh poet is just back from another successful tour of America; he has revived the art of poetry reading, even more popular with the lively Americans than our sluggish selves. Fiercely Welsh, brilliant Dylan Thomas covers all important poetry in his readings, including his own work. Shakespeare, Milton, James Joyce's obscure style to which he is able to give poetic meaning; none of the range which is of any importance is neglected by him. He looks like a rather evil cherub and is a wonderful talker.

Also encountered was Mr. Andrew Heath, whose marriage to Miss Sarah Macmillan has had to be put off until the spring because of the two ribs he broke without noticing: eventually they kept him in hospital for ages.

OCT. 16.—The heights of Montparnasse and depths of Chelsea seem more than miles apart: an attempt has been made to bridge the gap by the New Chelsea Group, the first European organisation of its kind, instituted by Mr. Pat Larking and his famous painter-friend, Pascal (*not* the film producer). This enterprise kicked off to-day at five o'clock at the French Institute with masses of gaiety for art-lovers. The stuff, without being too reactionary, is easily understood. Portraits, which can be had on the hire-purchase system, include one of Mlle. de la Fougere and one of Pascal by Mr. Larking. An Australian member of the Group is Mr. Hayward; Lord Cardigan is one of the patrons, also Alderman R. L. Edwards; among people there were Mr. Anthony Devas, painter of *very* splendid and popular portraits, and Mr. David Rawnsley, founder of the New Chelsea Pottery

BRIDGET CHETWYND.



OCT. 14.—BEMEDALLED PILGRIMAGE. Medals, medals all the way at the "Pilgrims'" dinner to General Ridgway. Just look at the stars and orders on our *prime* Prime Minister! *On the right* is the Duke of Edinburgh with General Ridgway.

OCT. 14.—NIGHT JOURNEY. *Left*, the Queen waves gaily from an inevitably rain-dashed window in Scotland; *on the right*, arriving in London, she is still cheerful while her two children inevitably glower and Princess Margaret looks splendidly Hanoverian.

A Motor Show "surprise"—the Armstrong-Siddeley *Sapphire* saloon, powered by a 30-h.p. 6-cylinder "square" engine of very modern design. The four-door, four- or six-light saloon body is luxuriously equipped and has leather upholstery, walnut facia-board and a very capacious luggage-boot: road performance is extremely good.

THE MOTOR SHOW

by William Hartley

TO-DAY'S opening of the 1952 Motor Show at Earl's Court presents to the public what many will regard as the most interesting exhibition since the war. True, there are only a few entirely new cars, but that does not mean lack of interest. In fact, taking a wide view, it does rather the reverse, because it enables us to look round and see how we have settled down.

Before discussing in detail what is new, let me devote a little space to generalities. First, there is an innovation which shows that at last the organisers of the Show have listened to popular demand and allowed the exhibitors to put on their stands actual cars that have performed some noteworthy feat in recent months. Next, for the first time, we are able to see at close quarters some of the racing cars that have been busy on the circuits of Europe this season: another welcome for that!

There is also an interesting trend on the part of the makers to bring in small changes to existing models in order to differentiate from last year's car; this is much more sensible than the pointless struggle to produce a sensation each year. Small technical modifications are also introduced by many makers resulting from experience of the cars in owners' hands both here and overseas and, in some cases, from gruelling competition work.

One feature that does call for comment is the fact that, in a few cases, models that were shown last year are here again unchanged, and the respective makers openly say that they have only just gone into production, showing that last year, hailed as the latest model, they were little more than prototypes brought out for public view well before production started. That is an odd circumstance and quite contrary to anything that happened in the 'thirties. I don't know that we welcome it, because it tends to give the feeling that, should one buy one of these cars, it is an old design even before it becomes available. I suppose they just had to find something to show last year and now they must admit how they achieved it!

These things apart, however, this is a fine Show and there is much to admire and to be thankful for if you take a broad view.

If you climb to the gallery and gaze down on to the seething mass of heads on the great floor below, there will be areas where the density increases and movement along the aisles is slowed. Those will be the points where brand-new models are on show. I am sure that if you penetrate one of the densest of these masses you will find yourself close to the new Wolseley with the handy name of *The Four-Forty-Four.* The Nuffield engineers and designers had a set purpose when they designed this car—to offer something incorporating features desired by many people. A medium-sized, four-seater car with a lively engine and road performance allied to reasonable economy in running with luxurious finish. That is asking a good deal of one car, but it seems to me that they have achieved their object. The engine is a proven unit of 1¼ litre from the M.G. range (I approve this group exchange wholeheartedly) which I know gives good results. The general lines are most attractive and the fine, deep boot has ample space without encroaching on body interior. The earlier Wolseley range is continued complete, for the present, anyway, but this new car is sure to achieve great popularity.

PASSING along, the Armstrong-Siddeley stand can be found at the centre of another thick group, all intent on an entirely new model called the *Sapphire,* no doubt after the wonderful jet engine used in the group fighter aircraft, the GA5 or the Javelin. This Armstrong is interesting and it seems to represent very good value for money indeed, offering, as it does, a fairly large, high-performance car of luxurious finish at £1,100, plus, of course, the iniquitous purchase tax. The engine is right up to date and is exactly square, with bore and stroke both at 90 mm., which gives, for reference, a rating of 30 h.p. Interesting here is the availability of an electrically-operated preselector gear-box according to choice. This is operated by finger pressure on a small switch lever working in a miniature gate beneath the steering-wheel. This is at least a step towards automatic transmission, which has yet to cross the

(*Continued overleaf.*)

For the Wealthy Motorist

The *Silver Wraith* Rolls-Royce, with a Freestone and Webb four-door six-light saloon body with glass division ; a magnificent example of the combined craftsmanship of the body-builder and car manufacturer.

The new Bentley has greater luggage-space and can hold seven suitcases ; also better suspension and a slightly longer chassis.

The *Bristol* saloon, luxuriously fitted and powered by the same 6-cylinder 2-litre engine, basically, as the famous racing Cooper-Bristol.

A new Daimler convertible with 3-litre 100 b.h.p. engine, and over-drive. Hood, windows and luggage-boot are power-operated.

Lagonda Mark II. saloon, 2.6-litre 6-cylinder engine with new, wider body and re-styled front, is extremely well-equipped for fast yet comfortable motoring. A new drop-head coupé is also available.

THE MOTOR SHOW

(Continued from preceding page)

Atlantic ! The *Sapphire* is a noteworthy addition to the range of cars from a famous firm.

Citroën show us a new model, too, although it does conform to the well-known general appearance of earlier models. This new one is based on the well-tried *Light Fifteen* and is known as the *Big Fifteen*. Naturally, it is longer and wider with the same power unit. The body offers comfortable seating for six people and uses the usual devices of folding arm-rests and so forth to achieve this. There is no doubt that it fulfils its purpose—to be a roomy family car with adequate yet economical performance.

Another increased density-spot is the Humber stand, where the new *Hawk* and the new *Super-Snipe* can be seen. The *Hawk* can, according to the makers, be summarised in the sentence : " Looked at from every point of view, it gives the motorist what he wants." So now we know ! The 1953 *Hawk* is a re-styled and mechanically-modified version of the tried and proved earlier model. The styling no one will quarrel with—it is pleasing. The interior is nice, too, with new facia, new and more comfortable arm-rests, and the like. The new *Super-Snipe* is also attracting a good deal of merited attention, with the entirely new engine of 4 litres called the " Blue Riband " engine. I don't recall an engine having a name before, by the way. What an opportunity for the makers to delve into encyclopædia ! That has started something, I 'm sure. The outward appearance of this new *Snipe* is coming into line with the others in the Humber range and follows the modern trend. A comfortable car it certainly is and I approve the driver's seat, since it is adjustable for height and rake as well as for leg-room.

ONE dense spot, more or less as usual, is the Morris stand, with the talking-point rather more buried than usual, for it is an engine that provides the theme here. The British Motor Corporation shows its first fruits in the overhead valve engine now to be fitted to the four-door *Morris Minor*. It is of smaller capacity than the side-valve unit and so the axle ratio has been lowered, but I can testify from personal experience that this O.H.V. unit does its work very well indeed. The road performance is truly amazing and the pulling power on hills equally as noteworthy as the flexibility of the unit. This sets a standard for performance combined with economy.

It is, incidentally, here on the Morris stand that we come to two more features that will distinguish this year's Show. The system of bringing in small outward changes to " date " cars has returned and the Morris *Oxford* has what the makers somewhat cornily call a " new look " . . . the radiator grill is re-designed to become somewhat plainer and more effective. Then, secondly, we come to colours. All Morris models will now be in a new range of colours with delightful names. There is Empire Green, Clarendon Grey, and Birch Grey, in addition to the perpetual black. This brightening of our roads I have welcomed before, and these are pleasing additions to the scheme.

Vauxhall take this colour business the whole way . . . they show four cars, one in each of the four new colours which will identify the 1953 cars. The colour names are fine : Caribbean Blue, Cloud Mist Grey, Forest Green, and Sand Beige. How very descriptive—except that I have never been to the Caribbean ! They also include mechanical modifications such as a snow-shield fitted to the underside to protect the gear-box controls and prevent jamming, and, to cope with the extra power from the square engines, the speedometer has been made to read up to 90 m.p.h. !

Fords add to the colour-name game with Bristol Fawn, Canterbury Green, and so forth. They have also re-designed the facia for the *Consul* and the *Zephyr* and made a nice neat job. These two cars are here to stay and one wonders if they will go on and on like the famous *Anglia* and *Prefect*, which are to be seen on the stand once more.

Jowetts continue the renowned *Javelin* and *Jupiter* with minor alterations, such as a luggage locker in the tail of the *Jupiter*. The Series III. engine comes in, too.

One could go on listing the alterations makers have made but it would become a catalogue. Sufficient to have pointed out these examples and to add that such things as the Standard *Vanguard* go on, as they deserve to, for the demand is still far beyond the supply !

A stand that is having its share of congestion is the one displaying racing cars : the H.W.M., which has done more than any other car in that class to uphold British motoring in Europe since the war, the Cooper, the Alta, and others.

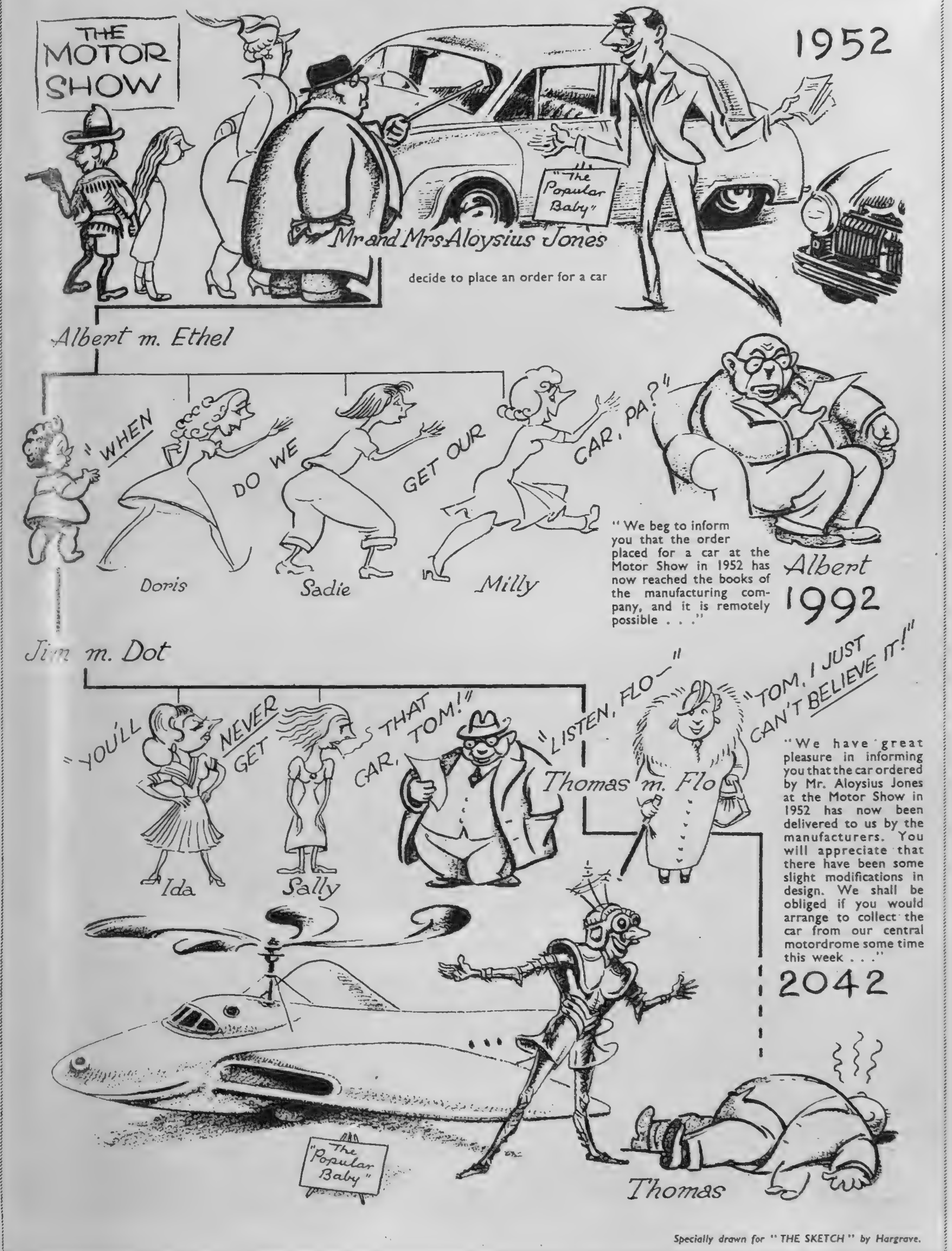
Oh, dear ! There is so much to see and so little time. I 'm like the visitor who comes away without seeing half he wanted to. There is the splendid Frazer-Nash display, with the Targa Florio model which is attracting a great deal of attention and admiring comment. . . . The two Bristols in their off-white and lavender trimming for one and the reverse scheme for the other—most attractive dress for a fine car.

If you can spare time, look at the caravans, which offer such a range, and the boats and the accessories in the gallery, to say nothing of the coachwork stands, where Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Daimler chassis carry the coachbuilder's art.

I said it was an interesting show, and so it is. The more one looks around, the more interesting it becomes . . . many of the features are hidden beneath the colours and the familiar bodies. A stage of steady mechanical development and modification has been reached ; the post-war car has settled down, both makers and users now know where they are and the pattern is set.

It 's a good pattern, too, with something for everyone, no matter how individual the taste.

DELIVERY IN DUE COURSE



Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Hargrave.

FOR THE SPORTING MOTORIST

Frazer-Nash *Targa Florio*, so named as it was the first British car to win that historic race. The engine develops 125 b.h.p. The body is wide, comfortable and well-finished, with a large luggage-boot.

M.G. TD *Midget*, 1250-c.c. o.h.v. 4-cylinder engine: very popular abroad, particularly in the States and a great earner for Britain of much-needed dollars. It has an excellent road performance.

A Sunbeam-Talbot convertible, the saloon version of which achieved a sparkling success in the 1952 Alpine Rally, winning three Coupe des Alpes, together with other prizes: performance and appearance are first-class.

Jowett *Jupiter*, Mark I.A, with larger luggage-boot, now opened from the exterior. It still retains the unique horizontally-opposed double twin engine. This car has won the Le Mans race (1½-litre class) for three successive years.

FOR THE FRESH-AIR ENTHUSIAST

Aston Martin D.B.2 drop-head coupé. This make won the nine-hour race at Goodwood this year and is powered by a 6-cylinder overhead camshaft 2·6-litre engine. Appearance and finish are first-class.

Lanchester convertible—a five-seater drop-head coupé on the 2-litre-engined chassis, having power-operated windows and hood. It can be used in the fully-closed, half-closed or fully-open position, as shown.

Ford *Zephyr* convertible, with the now well-established 6-cylinder "square" engine. The hood is power-operated. Another new feature is the grouping of the instruments round the steering column, near to the driver.

An Austin A 40 *Somerset* coupé with the A 40 chassis and 1200-c.c. 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine, four-speed gears and independent front springing. The hand-operated hood can be used fully or half-open, or fully closed.

FOR THE FAMILY MOTORIST

The Hillman *Minx*, which sells the world over, has a 4-cylinder engine of 1265 c.c., excellent visibility and fine finish inside and out. Springing and steering are notably good.

A Triumph *Renown* saloon, elegant in its razor-edge design : smart for town use and speedy and comfortable for fast touring. Has over-head-valve 4-cylinder engine.

A Jaguar Mark VII. saloon with the famous 3½-litre XK 120 engine and chassis. Very fast and extremely comfortable ; steering, springing and braking of the highest efficiency.

A Standard *Vanguard*, 17·9-h.p. 4-cylinder engine, roomy six-seater body, with world-wide reputation for reliability and good performance. Little changed except for minor details.

The new Humber *Hawk*, with re-designed front styling and other minor improvements, one version having a glass division for use as a small limousine if desired.

The Rover 75 saloon has changed in minor details only—including a new radiator grill and re-designed luggage-boot with separate spare-wheel compartment.

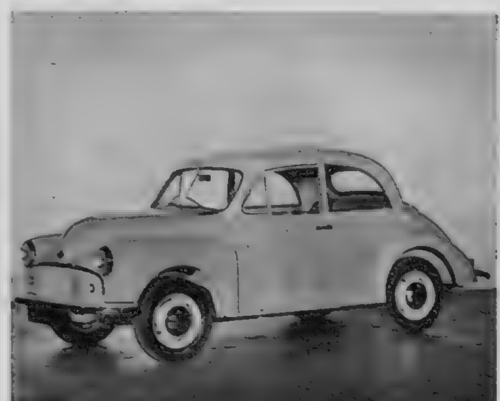
The new Wolseley *Four-Forty-Four*, with a four-seater saloon body and attractive appearance. It has a 1½-litre o.h.v. engine and the wind-screen is of curved one-piece design.

A Riley 2½-litre saloon, sleek and elegant and few changes made. It is notable for excellent road performance up to 100 m.p.h. : the engine is of 2443 c.c.

The Vauxhall *Velox*, new in April of this year, is little changed for 1953. It has a 6-cylinder o.h.v. "square" engine of 2262 c.c. and a five-seater saloon body. Very good performance.

The Austin Seven (A 30) has been long awaited and is now in production. It is a four-seater, four-door saloon with an 800-c.c. 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine.

A Jowett *Javelin*, one of the first completely new post-war cars with the only "flat four" engine (of 1½-litre capacity). Notable for body comfort and outstanding road performance.



This Morris *Minor* has an 803 B.M.C. o.h.v. engine which gives greatly improved performance. A *Minor* has recently covered 10,000 miles non-stop in less than ten days

A cauldron that might have been the most prized possession of the Macbeth witches hangs spookily in the huge fireplace in the ballroom. This cosy group settled down comfortably with their backs towards the fiercely-blazing logs to enjoy Douglas Byng's gay and witty cabaret.

The hostess, Mrs. Edward Sutro agent in Yugoslavia during the w Yugoslav Military Attaché, M Dr. Brilej, the Yu

OXTED BA

Having steered their cars suc misleading Surrey lanes, peopl the sight of a brilliantly floo where on October 3 Mr. and jolly ball in aid of the Actor scrummed into the lovely old on a chilly night was wonder in the enormous open hearth tunnel-like passages proved Surr

Specially photographed for "T

Dancing was in the raftered fifteenth-century barn adjoining the house, and here those occupying the dress circle, *alias* the gallery, look down over their less fortunate neighbours cramped in "the stalls" at Douglas Byng's amusing antics.

Admiral Sir Wilbraham Ford (*left*) explains the art, no doubt learned during his naval career, of ducking through doorways, to Lady Ford, Mrs. Hurry, Captain Hurry, R.N., and Mr. Nicholas Hurry.

Having a peaceful drink in the slightly less-crowded marquee bar, which proved a popular spot for peaceful conversation, were (*l. to r.*) Dr. D. Laing, Mrs. D. Blamey, Mrs. N. Hunter Smart, Mrs. David Burnett, Mr. David Blamey and Mr. N. Hunter Smart.

entre), who was herself a British with (*l. to r.*) General Orescanin, Orescanin, Mme. Brilej and avian Ambassador.

Sitting-out in the library admiring Peggy, the Sutros' dignified Great Dane, were (*l. to r.*) Mr. E. Branson, Mrs. E. Branson, Miss Shirley Baldock, Mr. C. J. Carless, Mr. J. Ewart, Mrs. J. R. Hobbs, Mr. J. R. Hobbs (*in front*), Mrs. Peter Bridge, Mrs. Carpenter and Mr. Peter Bridge (*standing*).

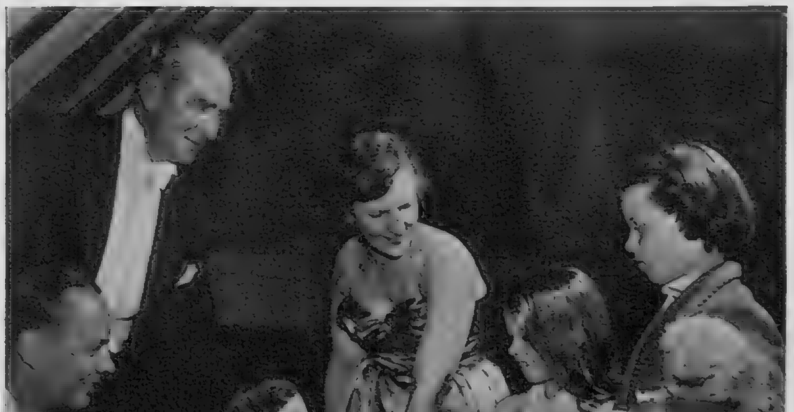
N DANCE

fully through the pitch-black, were suddenly rewarded with Stocketts Manor, at Oxted, rs. Edward Sutro gave a very Orphanage. Over 250 guests rteenth-century house, which y warm with roaring log-fires nd the very low ceilings and n more hazardous than the anes.

KETCH" by George Konig.

Mr. Giles Montagu Pollock and Miss Diana Sturge dancing on the ever-crowded floor.

Lady Ford and Lord Gifford decide that the rigours of yet another samba are not for them.



Mr. Anthony Drake, Mr. Ian Stewart (*behind*), Mrs. Anthony Drake and Caroline Sutro (*far right*) watch Mrs. I. Stewart helping to swell the rattle of coins in Jane Sutro's collecting-box for the Orphanage. Both Mrs. Sutro's little girls tried to help their mother at the party.

Paying good attention to one of the vital notices which were pinned above all the doors were Mr. and Mrs. Brian Law.

Mr. Michael Henderson talking to Miss Octavia Andreae, who had a filmy pink stole fluttering over her blue dress.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Porgy and Bess

(Stoll)

THEATRICAL memories can be short; and many persons have forgotten, or have never heard of, the famous Cochran presentation of *Porgy* in 1929. The coloured players brought then to the stage of His Majesty's all the heat, light and sound of Catfish Row, the Negro tenement section of the Charleston waterfront. To-day another Negro cast, all-singing, all-acting, and—one might add—all-living, has brought back the Du Bose-and-Dorothy Heyward play (this time to the Stoll) as a folk-opera to George Gershwin's music. *Porgy and Bess* dates from 1935; we have waited for it much too long.

Often there is a deep trench between the opera-goer and the playgoer. Still we have, for once, a night in which the parties can join. The dramatic outline of *Porgy* remains intact. Here are the murder of Robbins on a hot summer evening; the flight of the murderer, Crown; the lamentation; the crippled Porgy's sheltering of Bess, Crown's woman; the night of the hurricane; Crown's death; the luring away of the woman by the dope pedlar, Sportin' Life; and Porgy's last resolve to take the road to New York, with his goatcart, in search of Bess. The drama of *Porgy*, then, is unharmed. And Gershwin's score is a superb musical interpretation, from the first lullaby, "Summer-time," right down to the singing of "I'm On My Way," as the cripple moves out through the gates of Catfish Row on the long journey.

Heat, light, sound: again the trinity. I may remember *Porgy and Bess* not for any special passages in the play or the score, but because of the extraordinary set of stage pictures, the gusto and fury of it all, the way in which the producer, Robert Breen, has established Catfish Row and its people in our imagination. There are no ciphers here; everybody in the vast crowd is a personage, from Porgy to the Strawberry Woman and the Crab Man. These Negro players establish themselves forcibly. They strike out. We never feel that we are intruding upon a private party. *Porgy and Bess* is acted and sung with a full relishing drive. After all, one scene does impress itself more than the rest (though I have to admit it with reluctance). It is the hurricane scene at the end of Act Two, when most of Catfish Row seems to have huddled itself into Serena's room, high up, and the crazy old mansions rock with the thunder of the storm: a storm present also in the terrified voices of the Negroes as they sing, "Oh, De Lawd Shake de Heaven."

We have to name the principal artists. At the première they were William Warfield as the cripple who fulfils from the first Du Bose Heyward's words, "a sense of infinite patience, and beneath it the vibration of unrealised, but terrific energy"; Leontyne Price, an exciting singer, as Bess; and Cab Calloway to present the insinuating menaces of Sportin' Life. I shall be surprised if Catfish Row does not lead out of Kingsway for months ahead. On the first night the audience nearly unroofed the theatre. And very reasonably too.

Letter from Paris

(Aldwych)

IN comparison, events at the Aldwych are creamily mild. But then comparison would be wildly unfair. The "letter from Paris" appears in an American sensational newspaper, *The Reverberator*, during the late 1880's. It contains many details of the private affairs of the wealthy Probert family, expatriates long settled in Paris and now more French than American. The publication imperils an engagement between Francie, a girl newly come from Buffalo (who has prattled unwisely to a journalist), and young Gaston Probert. What happens you will learn upon the stage of the Aldwych.

The source of this anecdote is Henry James's novel, *The Reverberator*. It has been brought to the theatre, unexpectedly, by Dodie Smith, who long ago delighted London with *Autumn Crocus*, *Call It a Day* and *Dear Octopus*, but who had never seemed to have any special affinity with Henry James. From the Shades this punctilious stylist just now must be surveying the London theatre in astonishment. It was a world he could never conquer. Now, long after his death, everyone flocks to him. I do not think *Letter from Paris* will be regarded as treasure from the James mine. True, Dodie Smith has treated it with care and judgment. But the subject is not naturally theatrical. Unless we are profound Jamesians, we cannot be excited violently by a picture of American-French society in the 1880's with its little jungle of assorted snobberies. The piece is serviceable and, alas, slow.

Brenda Bruce is always an actress of needled intelligence; she cannot conceal her sharpness as the prattling Francie. Jessie Evans and Maxine Audley act appreciatively an American without the graces and a Parisian-American who has acquired most of them; Nicholas Hannen never fails to hold a stage, whether or not he has a part (here it is a disappointing one); and that good actor, Nicholas Phipps, paints and paints and paints. The producer is Peter Glenville; the sets are by Oliver Messel; and the evening must be regarded, I think, as one of good intentions rather than of very solid achievement.

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime

(Royal Court)

IT was, you will remember, a murder that Lord Arthur did not commit, though it was not the dear man's fault: he had tried hard enough. A meddling palmist told him that he would have to commit it one day; there was evidence in his palm. Lord Arthur, being a creature of his word and anxious to do everything according to protocol, knew that he would have to get the job over before he was married to his Sybil. Two awkward questions remained. Who could be murdered? And how?

Constance Cox, who has worked up Oscar Wilde's jest into a full-length farcical comedy, strives eagerly to keep the party going. Criticism can only skirt the edge of such a play as this. If you enjoy extravaganza, there must be something appealing in the spectacle of Lord Arthur and his butler rapt in grave conference on the properties of wolf's bane and the nature of high-explosive. The piece may be repetitive, the characterisation faint, but the idea is comic enough to please. If, on the other side, you are a hard-headed type, like the man fra' Sheffield (in Sydney Grundy's farce) who says "Show me!", then *Lord Arthur* must be a dead loss. I gathered from comments around me that, on the first night, both parties were represented in the house.

The main trouble with the play is that Miss Cox, delighted—as she might well be—by the idea, has not been able to keep it going through an evening. And Claude Hulbert, the Lord Arthur, does not vary his method from the moment he arrives. He is less a figure from Wilde's Grosvenor Square than a wraith from some very early Wodehouse. There is something fish-like about him: we look for the bowl. Peter Haddon, as the resourceful Baines, is immensely bland and just a shade sinister. Milo Sperber is a slithering anarchist who ought to be sinister, but who is too fussy a fellow to get the right tang; and Jean Cadell and Marie Ney (Lady Windermere) are two first-rank actresses lost here in parts that never begin to grow. For the rest, I remember Raymond Rollett's toothy smile as a Dean who is not blown up; and an extraordinary apron worn by Jill Hulbert as a useful maid: a garment as billowing and exuberant as the play's idea and rather more successful in execution.

Present and Future

PETER Ustinov, always a man of many parts, is extremely busy in these days. *The Love of Four Colonels* goes on running at Wyndham's. A new play called *High Balcony*, set in the German Embassy of the imaginary State of Noland in 1939 (the eve of the war) and when the war is ending, will be the second production at the revived Embassy Theatre. Ustinov has another new play in preparation for the provinces. And he is producing *A Fiddle for the Wedding*, by Patricia Pakenham-Walsh—who has been his secretary for the last seven years—with a cast that includes Denholm Elliott, Cecil Trouncer, Olga Lindo and Lloyd Pearson. Linnit and Dunfee are to present this in the West End.

MORE CHRISTIE.

When Emlyn Williams ends his Dickens season at the Ambassadors—a performance that is one of the most remarkable personal feats in the theatre this year—he will be followed by a new Agatha Christie puzzle-play, *The Mousetrap*. The cast of this, which is due to open on November 25, includes Richard Attenborough, Sheila Sim, Martin Miller, Jessica Spencer, Aubrey Dexter, Mignon O'Doherty, John Paul and Allan McClelland. Peter Cotes (who has been doing much television work lately) is the producer.

IN SWISS COTTAGE.

The Embassy at Swiss Cottage, which has bred so many famous plays in its time, is to reopen to-night (October 22), renovated, under new management, and with the richest hopes for the future. Robert Harris, Daphne Arthur, Pamela Alan and Rachel Gurney are in the cast of William Douglas Home's *Caro William* (a study of the young Melbourne and Lady Caroline Lamb) which John Wyse is producing; and the next play, during November, will be Ustinov's *High Balcony*. At Christmas comes *The Twelve Dancing Princesses*, adapted by Francis Dillon from the tale by the Brothers Grimm. Incidentally, Alec L. Rea and E. P. Clift have bought the rights of William Douglas Home's *The Bad Samaritan*, tried out recently at Bromley.

LORD ARTHUR AGAIN.

The second version of *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime* within three weeks begins to-morrow (Thursday) at the Arts for a month's run. Adrianne Allen, Robert Andrews, Ivor Barnard, Richard Goolden, Margaret Halstan, David Bird and David Markham are in the cast of a comedy, by Basil Dawson and St. John Clowes, which Stephen Murray is producing in sets by Fanny Taylor.

GETTING AROUND

Constance Cummings and Alexander Knox have succeeded Googie Withers and Michael Redgrave in the long-running *Winter Journey* at the St. James's. . . . Michael Redgrave, speaking on "The Actor's Ways and Means," is to give the 1952-53 Rockefeller Foundation Lectures at the University of Bristol. . . . Lionel Dunn is to follow Nugent Monck, the founder, as director of the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich. . . . Maurice Chevalier will open a three-weeks season at the Hippodrome on Tuesday, October 28; the date has been changed from Monday to avoid a clash with the Royal Film Show. . . . Paul Rogers is to play Tardiveau in the Old Vic Company's production of *An Italian Straw Hat*, and, later, Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*.

THE SWANS.
Proud among a mass of brilliantly-coloured flowers, these swans are leading their serenely violent lives in a backwater.

THE CIRCUS.—Tumblers is an understatement ; the whirl of characters under the Big Top have a gaiety peculiar to themselves, and Brangwyn has caught their *super* quality : that over-charged determination to do better than their best.

STUDY FOR A BRITISH EMPIRE PANEL.
The bits of dogs are a strange but effective mixture to have made with the nubile but innocent young African ladies.

Brangwyn looks content ; a long lifetime of good work behind one is the most satisfying thing in the world.—A photograph specially taken for *The Sketch* by Count William de Belleroche at the artist's home in Ditchling.

BRANGWYN TRIUMPHANT

It is the draughtsmanship of Sir Frank Brangwyn which most amazes the brash new viewers of his work, now to be seen at Burlington House. This great old artist has been less admired than he deserves, and considerable interest was aroused by the publication in *The Sketch* a year ago of four pages in colour of representative Brangwyn paintings. The very wide collection of his paintings and drawings which now forms the first exhibition the Royal Academy has ever arranged for a living artist includes hot African scenes in oils, tiny, mummified corpses of cats hanging from rafters (this is an old friend of his) and rats in traps, plus lovely decorative paintings like wallpaper and a splendidly vivid zoo of sad, caged animals.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE WOLF AT GRUBBIO.
The wolf jumps fiercely at St. Francis ; he understands its meaningless impulses and soothes it with the gentle philosophy we must all achieve or be destroyed.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

by Louis T. Stanley

The Cesarewitch

THE Cesarewitch is not a good race from the spectator's point of view. This year was no exception. The person who sat back in his armchair and listened to commentaries from Raymond Glendenning and Peter Dimmock had a much clearer picture of what was happening than those of us who were in the stands, for the simple reason that a great part of the race takes place out of sight. One thing is certain. The Cesarewitch—2¼ miles—ranks as one of the most gruelling races of the year. It tests the bravest of stayers, particularly with that last dead straight mile and the uphill finish. In many ways the Cesarewitch is as unpredictable as the Lincoln. Anything can happen. The experts assure us that the lightweights will set a scorching pace from the start . . . that a horse carrying 9 st. or more will seldom win . . . that a bottom weight will not be successful through the boy-jockey being exhausted long before the winning-post comes in sight.

This year was something of an exception. Flush Royal, brilliantly ridden by W. Nevett, gained the verdict by a neck from French Design in a photo-finish. Apart from Strathspey, the winner carried top-weight, and is the first horse, since Willonyx in 1911, to win the Cesarewitch carrying 8 st. 13 lb. Moreover, only once since the race was inaugurated in 1839 has a seven-year-old been successful. Altogether it was a first-class race. I feel that French Design challenged too late. The horse had plenty of running and given a few more yards would have won. As far as I was concerned the only tip that rang true was the old saying that favourites never win the Cesarewitch. It certainly didn't in my case. Flighty Frances lived up to her reputation in a big way.

The general downward trend of bloodstock prices was again marked in the Second October Yearling Sales. I am not surprised, for the racehorse owner of to-day has to expend a considerable sum of money without much hope of any return, and he is becoming more cautious. I remember Sir Malcolm McAlpine commenting on this fact when he spoke to the Racehorse Owners' Association in his capacity of president. He pointed out that the cost of maintaining a racehorse had risen to about £600 or £700 a year, whilst the average return to the owner was only about £200. He went on to say that because owners could not possibly find more money to pay higher training fees, trainers had to rely on getting their money from betting.

Now I am not interested in the moral standards of the Turf. Anyhow, who argues that there is not a shady side to racing is living in a fool's paradise. It has always been there, probably always will be, only, unfortunately, I think that pressure of circumstances, such as described by Sir Malcolm McAlpine, has encouraged sharp practice on a much wider scale. I know that is a controversial assertion, but a state of affairs that forces trainers and owners to bet in order to get out of the red calls for extra-careful supervision. I know of no sport in which dangerous rumour is so rife. On several occasions I have heard jockeys' names linked with those of bookmakers. In the majority of cases the accusations were unfounded, but during a season instances do arise that cause concern and raise doubts. Public confidence does get shaken.

Little Men with Big Hearts

After the Cesarewitch had ended I walked down the course to the start. In many ways it was the pleasantest part of the afternoon. The raucous barks of bookies, the antics of tipsters, the hubbub of voices, the jostling crowds were left behind. Instead the world was quiet, almost brooding, a grey, meditative silence. The Heath seemed strangely deserted, then without warning the outline of huddled jockeys, resplendent in vivid colours, was borne like a wave of silk against a background of thudding hoofs. Festoons of breath from distended nostrils lingered in the sharp air as they sorted themselves out by the starting-gate. Gordon Richards made an interesting picture . . . the little fellow with shaggy eyebrows who has made racing history. The high-water mark of Richards' success came in 1947, when he beat the previous world record of 3260 winning mounts held by Sam Heapy. Fred Archer rode 2749 winners in his seventeen years as a jockey. Now the racegoer can take far more away from the course than a handful of tote losing tickets. The intelligent observer looks for the fingerprints of style in the champions of the saddle. What are the points to notice, for instance, in Gordon Richards. Without hesitation I would say his hands. They handle the thoroughbreds with such quiet strength that he gets every ounce of effort out of them . . . expert hands, plus complete balance, qualities that have again made him the Champion Jockey, a king without rival, yet with the brightest jewel in his crown still missing. Richards has yet to win the Derby.

University Rugby

The University Rugby season has begun. So far I have only watched Cambridge in action. Against Old Leysians they ran up 31 points against 5 in a game that was hardly an adequate test. It was far too one-sided to be interesting. In spite of the spate of tries, Cambridge were not impressive. Against teams like Cardiff or Newport the score would have been reversed. But it is too early to pass any judgment. Suffice it to say that another defeat at Twickenham would mean the unenviable record of five successive defeats. Cambridge have an experienced captain in Ian Gloag. I hope he will not become obsessed with the luxury inheritance of ten Old Blues. It looks so comforting to see ten asterisks on the programme, until common sense reminds us that these gentlemen were part of the scrappy XV. that lost so decisively last year to Oxford. On the other hand, the trials revealed several promising players, including something that Cambridge has not had since Hugh Lloyd-Davies, namely, a reliable place-kicker.

News from South Africa

News that the South African cricketers have reached Fremantle invites speculation as to how they will fare against the Australians. I see that the South African manager, Ken Viljoem, said that they had not arrived with an inferiority complex. Instead, they recognised that there was no tour like one in Australia to further one's cricket education. There is more truth in those words than perhaps even Mr. Viljoem realises. Time alone will show. In the meantime I still find it difficult to understand why they left out their finest fast bowler. I met Cuan McCarthy a few nights ago—at the moment he is farming in Suffolk—and he was completely frank and outspoken about the whole matter. The selectors dropped him for new and younger blood. If McCarthy is too old, then I can only assume that some members of the present South African touring side have yet to be house-trained.

About Lawn Tennis

I had a short conversation with Fred Perry in his London hotel. He seems to have enjoyed his last stay in England and was just about to leave for America. Winter in Florida, from his description, sounded idyllic. Much more strenuous is the winter programme of Jaroslav Drobny, who shortly will plunge into the turbulent atmosphere of ice-hockey. After watching ice-hockey matches it has always come as a surprise to me that the game is ostensibly governed by a code of rules. One of the most sensible moves taken by the L.T.A. was their decision to send Billy Knight, the sixteen-year-old left-hander, to Australia for the winter. He will benefit from six months invaluable experience, particularly as the Australian L.T.A. have agreed to co-operate. I only wish that his equally youthful rival, Bobby Wilson, could have gone with him, but school-lessons cannot be ignored even for the L.T.A.

Boxing, Golf and Rowing

There is a world of difference between the light-heavyweight and the fully-fledged heavyweight class of boxer, but it is not just a matter of poundage. Were that so then Don Cockell would soon be undisputed world champion. For his fight—if two rounds of flat-footed waddling can be so described—against Paddy Slavin, the Irish champion, Cockell emerged as a full heavyweight fighter. The scales showed 14 st. 5½ lb., but judging by his shape, the extra stone had become lodged in his midriff. Against a more experienced opponent, Cockell will discover that this surplus fat will make an admirable and telling target. . . . Mrs. R. T. Peel and G. W. Mackie proved themselves an ideal team combination when they won the Worplesdon Foursomes by beating Miss Frances Stephens and W. A. Slark by 3 and 2. Mixed foursomes can be a source of irritation. Many a potential romance has been blighted through feminine insistence on slicing or topping, but Worplesdon has the reputation of masculine gallantry to the point of martyrdom. Happily Mrs. Peel was in no need of such courteous charity. She played her part magnificently. It was in no small measure her efforts that enabled the trophy to be carried across the Border for the first time. . . . The Boat Race may be a long way off, but preparations have begun. I spoke to David Jennens, one of the finest strokes Cambridge has had, about the possible Light Blue prospects. Apparently only three Old Blues are available, but there are a number of trial caps, whilst the entire Lady Margaret crew, which won the Ladies' Plate at Henley, has come into residence again, so the outlook is far from gloomy.

GEORGES MONNERET : For motor-scooting from Paris to London non-stop.

Riding a Vespa motor-scooter, Georges Monneret recently travelled from Paris to Calais, where he drove his machine on to a raft, connected the rear wheel to a paddle, and proceeded across Channel to Dover under his own power. Driving off the raft at Dover, he went straight on to London, where he is seen (*inset*) arriving outside Buckingham Palace.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

BETTY RICHARDS : For following in the footsteps of her winning uncle.

The twenty-year-old niece of champion jockey Gordon Richards, Miss Betty Richards has just won for the second year in succession the Newmarket Town Plate, the only race in England open to women riders. She is seen on *Freddy Fox* (*right*) passing Miss Angela Beechener on *Controller*, who was second.

RICHARD MORRIS : For acquiring the difficult art of ventriloquism at the early age of ten.

Ten-year-old son of a Hounslow police patrol motor-cyclist, Richard and his dummy, "Ginger," are seen at home performing for his father, mother and sister Helene. Richard, who writes his own scripts, is already a name to be conjured with in police social circles and is in great demand at children's parties.

SHIRLEY STRICKLAND : For collecting many notable memories to take home to Australia.

The blazer ablaze with souvenir badges is the property of Australian sprinter and hurdler Shirley Strickland, an Olympic Gold Medal winner, now on her way home with happy memories of this year's achievements in Europe.

Nothing conveys more anticipation than a tiny awning : the Petit Savoyard beams welcome from beneath its modest hood, full of light and expectancy.

FIRST-CLASS FOOD AND WINE
by Lucullus

II. PETIT SAVOYARD

ONE of the pleasantest atmospheres in Soho is to be found at the Petit Savoyard, at the bottom, *i.e.*, Shaftesbury Avenue, end of Greek Street. This admirable restaurant is kept by Victor, who was for many years with Boulestin (what an excellent school of restaurateurs the late Marcel seems to have founded. At least two other restaurants in London where you can get really first-class food are run by former collaborators or members of Boulestin's staff). Victor himself is French by descent, as is his wife, but has lived most of his life in England. The chef, Francois Grumaldi, is Italian, one of the waiters is Spanish, and the conversation between kitchen, bar and serving-hatch into the restaurant is conducted in a polyglot mixture of English, French, Italian and Spanish.

I must confess that it is with a certain reluctance that I feel compelled to write about the excellencies of the Petit Savoyard, as I do not wish to see it filled with customers to the point where it is overcrowded and loses that pleasant, quiet intimacy which makes it a favourite hide-out of mine. The Petit Savoyard consists of two comparatively small rooms on the corners of Greek and Romilly Streets. On the left as you go in there is a bar behind which Victor or Madame dispenses cocktails, but the room is made to seem a great deal larger by the clever inspiration of Mr. Maurice Rickards, a young artist—by profession a typographical expert—who designed and painted a mural on the opposite wall. This, with a canopy stretching away from the bar, gives the impression that you are on the terrace of a French restaurant looking out on to a typical Montmartre scene.

Victor is caught at the bar over which he presides, surrounded by good customers who toast each other during those long, sad hours when people reassure themselves.

Gladioli and melons lean and hump against the bottles over which Mme. Victor presides ; other health-giving fruits are heaped in front of her—complementary to the brews behind.

Backed by Mr. Rickards' splendidly evocative décor are Mr. and Mrs. Emile Haon brooding over the neatly-stacked table napkins.

Every restaurant has the best chef: Francois Grumaldi is certainly more than a pace-maker and well in the running.

Clever young Mr. Maurice Rickards did the décor for Petit Savoyard, and here he sits among his own creations which recall the old, destroyed Marseilles.

Even Mr. Harold White's admirable photographs cannot convey the brightness of this highly-coloured little scene.

Victor, partly out of loyalty, partly out of salesmanship, but partly because I think he genuinely believes it, maintains that his chef is "the finest chef in England." Certainly the results of his activities are excellent. The last time I was there we started with an *Omelette Maison*, which consists of an omelette enclosing chicken chopped up moderately fine, with mushrooms, and itself done in a cream cheese sauce.

We then went on to the "plat du jour." This happened to be another of Victor's specialities, a "*Coq au vin*"—chicken cooked in red wine with button onions, mushrooms and bacon, plus Victor's "know-how"—as excellent a version of serving that pleasant and familiar dish as I know. I would recommend the visitor to go for the "*plat du jour*" as a main dish on almost every occasion—except when it doesn't happen to be the *Coq au vin*. Then I should plump for the latter!

We ended our meal with some Brie in excellent condition. This I find is rare nowadays, because both Camembert and Brie, which should be nearly liquid, are far too often dry and chalky, the reason for which I have never yet had satisfactorily explained to me by my French friends. With the meal we had a '43 Margaux, pleasant, but not as distinguished as the name would warrant. (On another occasion we had a Cos d'Estournel of the same year which was greatly superior.) Like so many small restaurants without vast storage space, the Petit Savoyard is beginning to feel the virtual disappearance from the market of the '34 and '37 clarets—except at prohibitive prices. This is a penalty we are paying for the war years, when imports were cut off, when the Germans were turning French wine into industrial alcohol, and when this country drank so many of its existing cellars dry.

I refuse to be convinced by Victor, or anybody else, that the '47's, '48's and '49's, great years though they will be for red wine one day, are as yet drinkable. On the other hand, Victor sells an excellent Beaune '45 by the bottle, half-bottle or the glass, and this is as drinkable a table wine as you could wish. The white ones, of course, which mature more quickly, do not suffer from the same disability and youthfulness.

Victor's menu is, as I have said before, excellent. (Try, for example, his *crêpe d'Homard*, in which a cheese pancake encloses the tender flesh of lobster claws; or his *crêpe de volaille*, which is first-class.) But it is, above all, the pleasant intimacy of the atmosphere, unlike any other I know, which constitutes the major attraction of the Petit Savoyard. That is why I feel I must recommend the reader to go there. It is also why (selfishly) I secretly hope that you won't take my advice.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Of course the wine is beautifully cradled at Victor's and here he is with epicurean guests who are enjoying the pleasant, intimate atmosphere which is a great attraction of this restaurant.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

by Cyril Butcher

QUITE a number of viewers have written to the B.B.C. protesting against the short Outside Broadcast from Harrow and Wealdstone Station showing the rescue work actually in progress a few hours after the recent appalling disaster.

The summary of these complaints boils down to this: people can bear to see such scenes of horror in the photographs of their newspapers; they can even stomach such sights in filmed newsreels. But the actuality as portrayed by a live television broadcast is too much for them. On this occasion, the complaining viewers felt, television was stepping outside its proper province.

We suspect that these letters were written in a high state of emotion after their authors had been violently shocked. The very magnitude of the disaster gave everyone a feeling of personal tragedy, even though they may not have been directly connected with any of the victims. When calamities happen on such a scale we suddenly remember that we are part of the great human family; we experience a sense of bereavement.

But why complain of an Outside Broadcast? Why differentiate between the Press photograph and the newsreel? In those questions lies the secret of television's vast power. It is *real*. It can be delightfully, enchantingly real. It can also be horribly real, just as life itself can be delightful, enchanting or horrible.

And when it comes to the accusation that television is stepping outside its proper province in showing such scenes we emphatically disagree. Such an accusation is based on the assumption that television's only function is to *entertain*. That is a very short-sighted view. In fact, entertainment is fundamentally its minor function.

At the moment, many people may buy their sets for the pleasure of seeing the plays, the light entertainments and the sporting events. But do they buy their newspapers only to read the short stories, the humorous columnists, the strip cartoons and the sports pages? No, they buy because they want to know what is going on and to keep in touch with world events, and most of these are hardly *entertaining*.

If we look at television with a dispassionate eye—which we, personally, find very difficult—there can be no doubt in our minds that it is an outward, rather than inward growing thing. Already in Europe the gap has been bridged between the North of Scotland and the centre of France. In America the whole vast continent has been spanned and criss-crossed. One day the world will be television's oyster. The actual events in Pernambuco will be vividly real to people in Peckham; Ardrishaig will invade the homes of Adelaide; the North Pole will meet the South Pole. Coronations, Presidential elections, galas, fêtes will become the property, not solely of those who take part in them, but of the smallest child in China. But so also will deaths, disasters and wars. A terrible thought? Not a bit of it. But it does require a little courage to face. We think it will be courage well spent.

Let us go back to the O.B. of the railway disaster. We consider it not a lapse of taste, but a grim fulfilment of the B.B.C.'s duty, to have shown it, and we congratulate them on their courage. And while they have the monopoly of broadcasting in this country, it *is* their duty to show unpleasant facts as well as pleasant ones. And, who knows, perhaps someone, shocked out of lethargy by the broadcast, may evolve a scheme whereby such disasters will become impossible in the future. Just as, in the same way, if the agonies of those fighting on both sides in Korea could be brought into the homes of the entire world, even the stony heart of the Kremlin might be softened. No, television does not only mean entertainment.

NOW let us turn from a great tragedy to a little one: Leoncavallo's solitary claim to fame, *Pagliacci*. We had heard great things of Eric Fawcett's original production of this opera. Indeed, we forecast most enthusiastically in last issue's "Watching Brief." We said it would "linger in the memory." We blush, apologise to music-lovers and vow never to do it again. We had hoped that Mr. Fawcett would resolve the apparently impossible diangle, between credibility and musical quality, which faces the producer of television opera. We had intended to write reams of good advice on the subject to George Foa and to produce a formula which would serve as a model to all. Alas!

It so happened that, through a faulty connection on our set, we saw no picture for the first ten minutes or so and had to judge by sound alone. It was a most offensive experience to our musical ear. When the picture was restored we could appreciate Mr. Fawcett's effort to bring the opera up to date and to achieve a sort of naturalism. But never once was the music—which after all is not altogether contemptible—given even adequate rendition by the singers or the orchestra. So let us draw a veil.

And as we seem to be fair and squarely launched on the subject of television production, let us have a word with Dennis Vance, who was responsible for *Holiday in Berlin*, by James Parish and Tom Fallon. The authors set the producer no inconsiderable task with their story of a naturalised ex-German scientist, working on a secret project in Britain, who is blackmailed into collaborating with our chums across the Iron Curtain. The action moves swiftly from the English countryside to Berlin, and points East and back again. There are many outdoor sequences and a most commendably exciting motor chase to end up with. Fine indeed, and we confess to being utterly gripped, on the edge of our chair, during every minute of it. Mr. Vance did a grand job, and so did the cast, notably in the persons of Reginald Tate, Irene Prador, Brian Wilde and Ian Fleming. But the swiftly changing scene meant a deal of filmed sequences; a deal too many. In the end it was an even toss whether *Holiday in Berlin* was a film or a television play; and that's all wrong. Let each cobbler stick to his last. Since seeing the play we have been informed that almost the entire scenery for the televised sequences was provided by back projection. We only suspected the device at one moment, so let us congratulate designer Barry Learoyd on some most effective lantern slides.

Television's other resounding success during the period under review was the excerpt from Louis Verneuil's *Affairs of State*, coming from the stage of the Cambridge Theatre. As we had been cunningly lured into the theatre, we have no means of judging how it came across on the screen. But what polished acting it was, and what an amusing play.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

Space is running a bit short—probably just as well in view of the "black" we scored with *Pagliacci*, but our own television diary runs roughly like this:

To-morrow, *Animal, Vegetable or Mineral*, a tough panel series beginning, with James Laver in the chair.

October 25, *Operation Diplomat*, a new six-part serial of the Francis Durbridge-Martyn C. Webster school. Mark Fenton of *The Broken Horseshoe* fame will be with us again, this time played by Hector Ross. Also a special Television Motor Show commentated by Raymond Baxter and *The Sketch*'s own Bill Hartley.

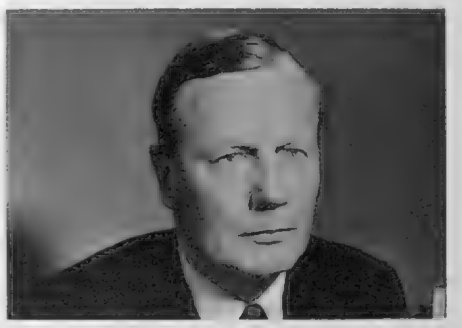
October 26 and 30, Hugh Walpole's *The Cathedral*, with Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind and Walter Fitzgerald. Production, Douglas Allen.

October 30. Sir Malcolm Sargent with the London Symphony Orchestra in *The Conductor Speaks*.

October 31. Go gay at the Café de Paris with television's private chorines in *Toppers About Town*.

Introducing . . . II. GEORGE BARNES

Director of Television Broadcasting



George Barnes

NOW if that terse title isn't enough to set anyone's knees quaking, what is? On the other hand, we cannot think of another man who so quickly un-quakes one's knees as George Barnes. To meet him is to feel at ease with him and to like him. His considerable height, friendly grey eyes, casual dress and informal manner make one regard him—at first sight—more as an overgrown schoolboy than the top executive of one of the most important public services in this country.

At first sight, we said. For there is yet something about him which warns one to keep off the grass. Somehow you don't feel any urge to slap him resoundingly on the back and call him "George"; which is only right and proper.

Perhaps it is his early Naval training which is responsible, or the sharpening of his brain by his subsequent scholastic career, or the latent quality which has caused him to rise steadily in the B.B.C.'s hierarchy over the past seventeen years. Whatever the cause, in George Barnes television has a disarming but shrewd diplomat, well able to guide it over the many sticky patches it must encounter before it achieves the status which is the subject of his own ten-year plan: the supplanting of sound as the major form of broadcasting.

His private life? A slight film appears over the eyes when you ask him about it. He claims to be nothing more than a family man with a passion for sailing and music. If you stick to those two subjects you will have George Barnes without any reserve whatsoever. And he'll be just as wholehearted if you discuss his ambition to make television available to everybody in Great Britain.

But if you try to pull a fast one or probe too deeply, you'll find him a "demmed elusive Pimpernel."

Jolly in a corner are, *l. to r.*, Chief Inspector T. Goodacre, Dr. Gardiner, Chief Inspector J. Middleton, Mrs. Gardiner and the Earl of Lanesborough.

Group-Captain Sorel-Camaron of the R.A.F. with Mrs. Taylor, wife of the Chief Constable of Leicestershire and Rutland.

Jewelled, flowered and medalled are, *l. to r.*, Mrs. M. O. Palmer, Mrs. Richardson and Mr. C. Brean, County Commandant of Special Constabulary.

WHEN CONSTABULARY DUTIES HAVE BEEN DONE . . .

. . . policemen relax and have fun like the rest of us. A recent occasion was a gay party at the County Rooms, Leicester, when the hosts were the recently-formed Officers' Mess of the Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary, which must be one of the very few constabulary officers' messes in the country. Guests included Lord Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant of Leicestershire; the Earl of Lanesborough; the High Sheriffs of both counties; the Lord Mayor of Leicester and the Minister of Health, Mr. Iain Macleod.

Mr. E. McKinnel, fire chief, has fun with the background picture, *Melton Mowbray Horse Fair*; his wife laughs up at him and on the left are Mr. and Mrs. I. Newton.

Alderman and Mrs. Harris arriving at this gay and unusual party for police officers.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Kon-Tiki

(*Curzon*)

IT is not safe to assume that everyone who sees the film record of the amazing, the quite staggering, *Kon-Tiki* expedition will have read Thor Heyerdahl's book, or remember the contemporary accounts of the affair; and the English distributors have done most sensibly to bring in Richard Dimbleby to introduce the crew, and explain just *why* six men—five Norwegians and a Swede—decided to cross the Pacific from Peru to the Polynesian Islands in a raft; not for fun, but to prove an ethnological theory.

Just why they built the raft as they did, of balsa-wood and bamboo lashed together, after a pattern used 900 years before Columbus, becomes clear at once as we watch the gallant little *Kon-Tiki* ride the tremendous waves like a sea-bird, carried westward steadily and irresistibly by the wind and the currents.

The film record was taken on a 16-mm. camera as they sailed along, and when the high seas put the ciné-camera out of action, they used a still camera. Half the charm of the picture is its artlessness, its amateurishness; and the perpetual rise and fall of the horizon, the very fact that most imminent moments of danger are *not* photographed (presumably because the photographer had something more urgent to do at the time!) give the spectator an extraordinary sense of sharing in the adventure. The leader of the expedition, Thor Heyerdahl, provides a running commentary; and the quiet Norwegian voice, with its modesty and gentle humour, endears the man more and more to us as the tale goes on.

Strangers in the House

(*Curzon*)

Strangers in the House is, alas! the last film made by that magnificent French actor Raimu, who died in 1946 as the result of a motor accident. Based on a novel by Simenon, it deals with a murder in a sleepy French provincial town, which involves—*quel horreur!*—the teen-age children of some of the best families.

Raimu appears as the wreck of a brilliant barrister, who has shut himself up in his gloomy old house with a bottle—or, rather, a succession of bottles—since the loss of his wife twenty years earlier, but is persuaded to come out of retirement to defend the silly, innocent boy whom his daughter loves. The court scenes are superbly handled, the whole film is rich in atmosphere, and Raimu's performance ought to be compulsory study for anyone who aspires to act on stage or screen.

Full House

(*Odeon, Marble Arch*)

It would be presumptuous to assert that the Somerset Maugham films, *Quartet, Trio* and *Encore*, made in this country, prompted Hollywood to follow our example, and produce an omnibus film from the works of another prince of short story-tellers, O. Henry. But whether it is a case of *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, the thing has been done. *Full House* contains five of the O. Henry stories, with five different casts and five directors; compèred by John Steinbeck in something of the Maugham manner, but with rather less than the Maugham skill.

"The Cop and the Anthem" provides Charles Laughton with a chance for a fruity little show-piece, suggesting a cross between W. C. Fields as Micawber and Raimu in *Monsieur la Souris*, as a fastidious down-and-out who feels the pinch of winter coming, and tries every trick he knows to get into the cosy lodging of a prison. "The Last Leaf," with Ann Baxter and Gregory Ratoff, is about a sick girl who believes she is going to die when the ivy vine outside her window is bare, and an old, drunk artist who sees to it that she doesn't die. It depends for its effect on one shock-shot at the end; and although the shot is pretty clearly signalled, to my mind it *visually* comes off. "The Ransom of Red Chief," with Fred Allen and Oscar Levant, is broad, hill-billy farce, describing the disillusion of two city "con. men" who kidnap a monstrous infant, and gladly pay to have him taken off their hands. "The Gift of the Magi"—one of the most famous of the O. Henry stories—is a bitter-sweet little tale; with Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger as a struggling young couple who sell their most cherished possessions to buy each other Christmas presents.

The best of the bunch, perhaps, is "The Clarion Call," directed by Henry Hathaway, with Richard Widmark employing his famous spine-chilling cackle again as a murderer who believes himself impregnable; a splendidly developed and sustained performance; the whole thing crisp, business-like and economical.

There have been complaints that *Full House* isn't "like" O. Henry. I wonder how many of the people who complain have *really* read him lately? Of course, both incidents and dialogue have been altered to a certain extent, some things being added, others taken away; but to my mind the remarkable virtue of the film is that it has kept so true to the spirit of the original stories, and, in spite of its different directors, actors and screen-writers, offers an entertainment that is manifestly the work of a single author. You may not care for the O. Henry approach to a subject. You may find it sentimental and old-fashioned. But *Full House*, in its own way, is as much of a unity as any of the Maugham collections. We don't need to be agog with enthusiasm, but let's at least be fair.

PIONEERING FROM PERU TO POLYNESIA.
Explorers in the past were bound to make experiments; nowadays these have been reduced, like everything else, to a matter of scientific exploration of the chances of humanity against natural forces. Kon-Tiki will surely be a new word in a new dictionary, meaning enterprise and endeavour. The voyage of this (for size) negligible raft has made history of its kind and the film shot aboard has quite properly won an "Oscar." These stills show the raft on one of the calmer moments of the voyage, and (*below*) the members of its crew: *l. to r.*, Knut Haugland, Bengt Danielsson, Thor Heyerdahl (leader of the expedition), Erik Hesselberg, Torstein Raaby, and Herman Watzinger.

The Merry Widow

(*Empire*)

The new *Merry Widow* offers Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas in the parts done in earlier versions by Mae Murray and John Gilbert, Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier. It is a showy, glittering piece, which fills the eye with colour, and people who don't know the original stage "Widow" may very probably enjoy it. Those who do may sigh for some of the lost tunes, and a more accomplished songbird of a Widow. Miss Turner's fairy godmother endowed her with many charms, but the gift of fine singing was one they surely forgot.

Mr. Lamas—a personable Danilo, who looks as if he had come freshly from a bath and shave—sings very pleasantly in a voice of no great calibre, and makes quite a good thing of "Velia" and "Maxim's," although somewhat subdued in the famous waltz to match Miss Turner's chirrup. The orchestra and ensemble, however, do the waltz proud, and the cameramen properly take the waltz tune as a cue for the film's most lively movement. This whole number, in fact, so clearly gives the feeling of a *finale* that one fumbles instinctively for one's bag and parcels, and is thoroughly taken aback to find that the picture hasn't finished. Hollywood producers, as a rule, are not lacking in show sense, whatever else they may be short of; but they certainly seem to have slipped up here.

Anna

(*Marble Arch Pavilion*)

Anna is a dubbed version of an Italian film, chiefly remarkable for presenting the eye-catching Silvana Mangano in two styles, wrapped and unwrapped.

Wrapped, she appears as a nursing sister in a Catholic hospital; splendid at her job, the surgeon's right hand, and about to take her final vows, but dreadfully afflicted by flashbacks, which make her come all over funny every time she is off duty. Unwrapped, she appears as the night-club singer she used to be in the bad old days; a girl who loved an honest landed proprietor, but couldn't resist sleeping with a barman; a combination that led to manslaughter.

I shouldn't recommend *Anna* to anyone who is queasy about watching operations on the screen. There are quite a lot of them, and they leave little to the imagination. Nor should I urge its claims on serious types who look for social significance in Italian pictures. *Anna* is no *Bicycle Thieves*. It isn't in the least significant. To be quite frank, it's novelettish. But it does tell a romantic story with a certain polish, and heroines as handsome as Miss Mangano don't turn up every day.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

WINES and "SPIRITS"

The trains roar into London Bridge Station quite oblivious of the gorgeous vaults which tunnel beneath. The spirituous nature of our photograph is the result of an almost hexagonal exposure on the occasion of the annual wine-tasting at Lebègue's cellars underneath the terminus.

Toby O'Brien writes : Lebègue's annual wine-tasting in their cellars under London Bridge Station is becoming an event which is looked forward to by an increasing number of people. It is a fine venture, as anything which spreads a knowledge of good wine and wholesome wine fulfils an excellent purpose.

This year's tasting was as interesting as ever. There were some magnificent wines, and it is clear that some of the '49 vintage clarets, particularly the Chateau Margaux, will be very great indeed. I am sorry that I must join issue with Mr. Guy Prince, who so excellently runs these tastings, when he says that the drinking of wines younger than was customary before the war has "decided advantages." I agree with him that "comparatively young wines, provided they are mature, can be delightful in the blush of their youth," but I do not agree with him that the drinking of '47, '48, '49 red wines now is not making a virtue out of necessity. They will be better still much later on.

One of the features of the tasting was the range of Chateau Margaux from 1949 to 1904. The '34, which I expected to be excellent, was a little disappointing. I will agree with Mr. Prince that here you have a wine which has already passed its maturity. On the other hand, the '29 was much bigger in every way—a fine colour, a good nose and plenty of body. The '28s, a vintage that matured much more quickly than the '29s, was by contrast a disappointing thing, possessing neither the nose nor the body one might have expected. The '24 was a fine wine, as were most of the clarets of that year, but it is already beginning to fade. The '04 was interesting, but no more than a ghost, or, as Gerry Harris, who was with me, said, translated into terms of the opposite sex, "not a wine you would take to the altar."

In the same way the old vintage red burgundies: the '34 Corton Clos du Roi was noble and big in every way, but the '23 Corton, the oldest wine shown, had faded in everything except, curiously, its colour.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by Norah Owen

CLOTHES AND THE CAR

Elegance and warmth are combined in this straight, loose Ocelot coat, for which the Lagonda Convertible is a suitable background. Widely revered and cuffed, the coat comes from Percy Vickery, New Bond Street. The hat in natural-coloured melussine, stabbed with a pearl lobster claw, is by Harvane, Carlos Place.

Warm, comfortable and suitable for many country occasions is this coat and suit in various colourings and plaids, from Wetherall. The suit in the photograph was beige, single-breasted, with a straight wrap-over skirt. The coat, with a four-way belt, was in pale blue and shades of brown and beige. The hat and scarf are also by Wetherall. The car is a Jowett "Jupiter" Mark I.

Workmanlike for the woman driver who really drives is this little jerkin in brown Ponyskin, with yellow knitted yoke, cuffs and welt. This amusing and snug jacket is from Albert Hart, of Curzon Street. The stitched yellow hat is by Kate Day, Mount Street. The car is a Singer SM1500 Roadster.

Left: This coat is warm if the Alvis Convertible is open, and decorative if it is closed. A Tescan Beaver Lamb three-quarter-length coat, it buttons high to the neck, has shaped shoulders and bulky cuffs. From Selfridge's, London, about £55. The hat is in close-fitting brown velour, with two high-moving pheasant feathers by Erik of Brook Street.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

(Continued overleaf)

Above: Ideal for the woman driver is this suit in soft green Linton tweed. The back of the jacket is straight to the hips, the front has easy shoulders and long stole ends, with flapped pockets. This suit can be made to order by Harrod's French Room. The golden brown head-hugging hat, with slight side movement, is a Paris model from Harrod's Millinery Department. The car is an Austin A40 Sports.

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

CLOTHES AND THE CAR

Left: A completely reversible coat, in grey Persian lamb one way, and soft green velour the other. The sleeves can also be worn as loose cape-sleeves. There is a slim skirt in the same green fabric as the coat. Both are by Four Seasons, at the Sheepskin Shop, Oxford Street. The little flower-pot hat in green velvet is by Harvane, Carlos Place, and has an amusing detachable velvet and fur-fabric scarf, which makes for extra warmth round the neck in an open car like this Jaguar XK120 two-seater Sports model.

ELEGANT ECONOMY

A superbly useful and good-looking three-piece is this Donegal suit and loose full-length coat in shades of green and white. The skirt is gored, the jacket single-breasted, and the coat has easy shoulders, a high collar and large pockets. The whole three-piece, which is by Elmoor, costs only 13½ gns., approximately, from Swan and Edgar, London, Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh, and Affleck and Brown, Manchester. The close-fitting hat in brown velour, with its slanting, speckled feather, comes from Gertrude Harris, Bond Street, and costs 3½ gns. The car is a Hillman "Minx" Convertible.

A MOTORIST'S SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

As this is a special Motor Show Number I have turned my attention this month to a number of things which I think will interest drivers and passengers alike.

* * *

Many drivers know the acute discomfort that arises when their front seat passenger decides to "look something up on the map." At last a map has been produced which is designed to deal with this very situation. The map has a stiff waterproof cover, is divided into five sections, and has a patent method of folding so that it is possible to look at any one section without undoing and spreading out the whole thing. It includes a road map of Great Britain, a plan of Central London, a map of Northern Ireland, a road distance table, the principal road signs and thirty-eight town plans. I am so pleased with it that I am hoping that the Ford Motor Company, who have produced it, will follow it with larger-scale regional ones in the same series.

* * *

A useful pre-war friend that has returned is a car tray that fixes over the back of the front seat and folds flat when not in use. It can be adjusted to three positions and is finished in rexine in a number of colours. The same firm makes a child's chair for raising small passengers to an interesting eye level. This is also useful in the home. It has a tray in front, folds flat for carrying, and can be bought in blue, green or brown.

* * *

Smokers will welcome a petrol-charged cigarette lighter which can be operated with one hand. It has a long-life flint striker—and one charge of petrol keeps it ready for immediate action for several weeks. It can be fitted in a moment to the windscreen by its suction cap.

* * *

At last I have found a windscreen cleaner that I can thoroughly recommend to you. It is in a plastic bottle, and you just spray it on the windscreen or windows and wipe it off with a dry, clean cloth. It removes all those traces of dead insects which one collects on a journey, also dirt, grease and finger-marks. Once having bought your original bottle you can buy a glass bottle containing enough concentrated liquid to refill it twelve times for only 2s. 6d.!

* * *

I must admit that I spent a good deal of time sending for samples of car cover materials from various suppliers before finally deciding on our present ones. I did not want just ordinary covers, but ones that would stand up to unfair wear and tear from the children and a spaniel with outsize feet. I was very tempted by a cheerful plastic material with a highly-polished surface, but finally decided on a woven cellulose fabric which is easily cleaned with a leather or damp cloth. As well as being moth-proof and shower-proof, it is resistant to fire and damage by cigarette burns.

* * *

I have just been trying out a simple but ingenious means of keeping the car ventilated in any weather. This consists of a pair of air and rain deflectors for use on cars with quarter lights; they are small plastic "wings" fitted with cadmium-plated spring steel clips which fit over the edge of the front ventilator windows. They direct fresh air to the floor and windscreen, and in wet weather act as rain gutters and trap the water outside. They can be obtained in clear or coloured transparent plastic.

* * *

My tailpiece is a dipstick wiper which when not in use clips to the dipstick or in any convenient position under the bonnet. A simple device—but how useful, for it replaces that piece of oily rag which has a habit of disappearing when most needed.

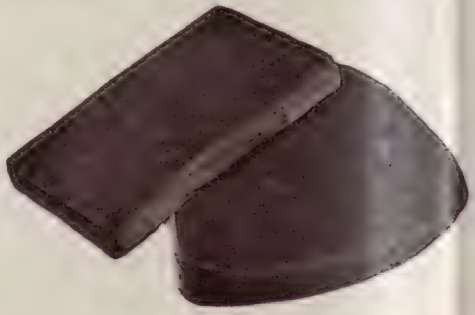
How Much It Costs And Where To Find It

The New Ford Road Map: 7s.; from any Ford Main Dealer. Brexton's car tray: 27s. 6d.; and Brexton's child's chair: 75s.; the Limpet lighter: 30s.; all from the Army and Navy Stores and The M.P.A. Ltd., of 135, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Holtspray Glass Cleaner: 3s. 6d.; bottle containing twelve refills: 2s. 6d.; at garages, etc. Regency "Regentweave" covers: from £8 10s. for a small car upwards; from Regency Covers Ltd., 381, West Green Road, Tottenham, N.15. K.L. Koolee Air and Rain Deflector: 12s. 6d. from garages or direct from Key-Leather Co., Ltd., 5, Urswick Road, London, E.9. Romac Dipstick Wiper: 2s.; from M.P.A. Ltd., 135, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Many of the items mentioned in this article can be seen in the gallery at Earl's Court, where the Motor Show is open from to-day, October 22, until November 1 inclusive.

Most cars have provision for fitting heating systems. For the car which has not, Smith's Recirculatory Car Heater is specially designed. These heaters are easy and quick to fit, and have ample instructions. Tailor-made kits are provided for the Austin *A.40*, Morris *Minor* and *Oxford*, and the Ford *Anglia* and *Prefect*. For the rest there is a general-purpose kit.

A super-size rug which can be wrapped around and around. In many colours, very soft and snug, it costs £10 15s., from Marshall and Snelgrove.



Cushions for passengers, and especially for women drivers, one to sit on and the other to tuck behind the back. Latex-filled, covered with corduroy in a variety of colours, they cost 49s. 6d., and 32s., from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Cosy feet for the passenger with this Morland's foot-muff. In black, brown or red sheepskin, it costs 99s. from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria.

The new Nylon fur for hand-warmth. Gauntlets, with leather palms, backed and cuffed in either white or brown fleecy Nylon. Price 25s. from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Below: Warmth is essential in cars, both for the driver and the driven, and these boots will keep many feet warm on long journeys. In unhaired calf, lined with sheepskin, with leather straps, they come from the Russell and Bromley shops, price £4 9s. 9d.

A view of Leblon, a suburb of Rio de Janeiro

All that's best from Britain . . .

Brazil, with its mysterious tropical forests, its great Amazonian waterway, and its beautiful capital city, offers on the one hand the luxury of modern living, and on the other the excitement of the unexplored. For meeting such a variety of conditions its people have found the Triumph Mayflower the ideal car. Built by the finest engineering craftsmen, tested under the most arduous conditions, it truly represents in every detail of its design 'all that's best from Britain.'.

The Triumph Mayflower

The Triumph Motor Co. (1945) Ltd., Coventry, England. A subsidiary of The Standard Motor Co. Ltd.

London: 37, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5011

STAND 125 INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW, EARLS COURT (OCT. 22—NOV. 1)

TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · FERGUSON TRACTORS

Much more than meets the eye!

L.43

The Lanchester Fourteen is available as a coupé with power operated hood which has a smart intermediate de ville position and folds neatly away at the touch of a button, or as a luxurious saloon, upholstered in real leather and air-conditioned.

EVEN a glance at the Lanchester Fourteen will tell you that it is a better car than most. But just *how* much better you will only know after you have driven it for many happy miles in sun and rain, on good roads and over stony tracks. Then, and only then, will you appreciate fully the skill that has gone into that grand workmanlike engine, the beautifully designed body, the superb springing. And more every day will you bless the famous fluid drive*—the smoothest transmission in any car today—and the dozens of other refinements that make the Lanchester, as the years go by, a *friend* as well as a car.

**Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents*

BY APPOINTMENT
Motor Car Manufacturers To the late King George VI

the lively, likeable Lanchester *on Stand 166*

If you can't get to the Earls Court Show, but would like to know about the Lanchester Fourteen, send us a card. We will be pleased to send full technical information for your appraisal.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

THIS YEAR

OF GRACE

SPACE

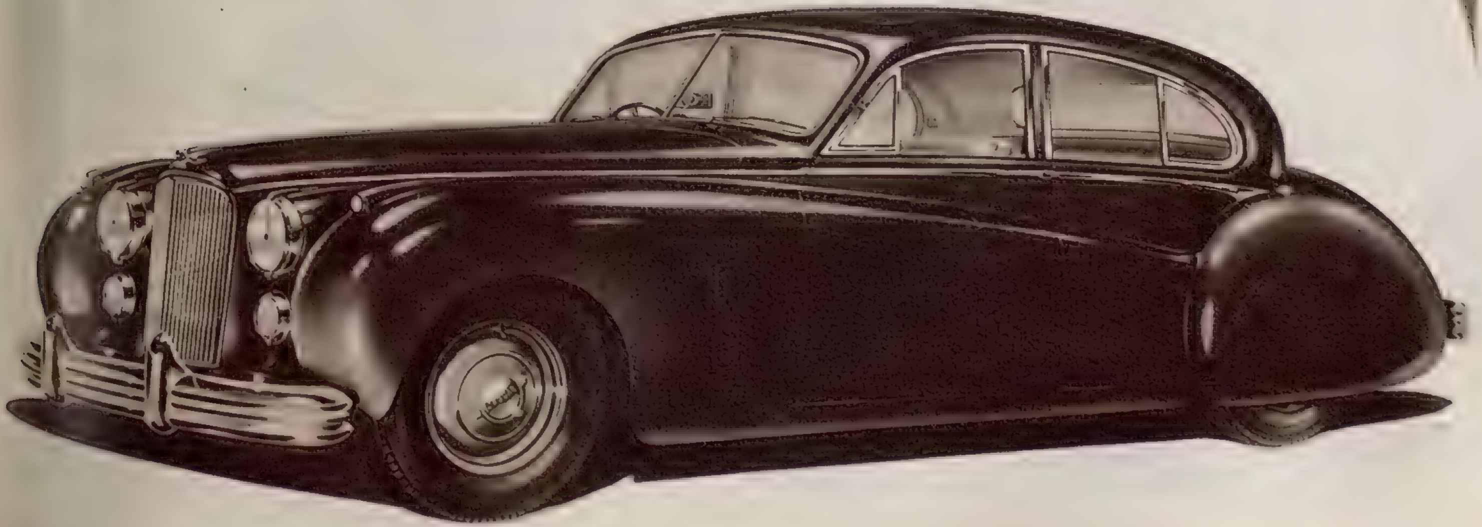
PACE

See the actual record-breaking Jaguar which exceeded 100 m.p.h. for 7 days and nights, on the*
JAGUAR STAND 168
Earls Court

Throughout the world the inimitable Jaguar Mark VII Saloon continues to enhance British prestige and, indeed, in every country where it is sold it is clearly the most desired imported car. The equally famous XK120 has ended yet another year of outstanding success in major international motoring events, while together, all Jaguar models have, during 1952, brought to Britain no less than Ten Million Dollars as part of their great export earnings. A measure of Jaguar's universal appeal is the fact that over 83% of total production is sold overseas and the demand far exceeds supply.

JAGUAR

The finest car of its class in the world



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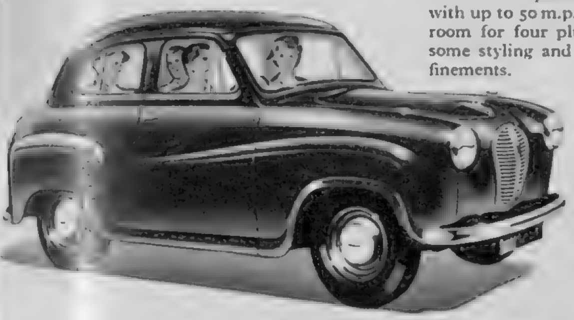
THE Sapphire
Here is a luxurious and beautifully appointed car . . . the Armstrong Siddeley 3.4-litre SAPPHIRE 6-light saloon . . . fast for the long journey . . . gentle in Town.
Available with four-speed electrically-operated finger-tip-control Preselector gearbox, or four-speed synchromesh with steering-column control.
High-efficiency engine gives over 120 brake-horsepower.
Truly a Car of Character . . . a car for the connoisseur.
Price £1110 plus P.T. £618-3-4, total £1728-3-4
STAND 154
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

It's AUSTIN at the Motor Show!

The Show's greatest attraction—the Austin range! From Seven to Sheerline, these fine cars are the main objective of most show visitors. Every one, with its own combination of brilliant performance, comfort and running economy, has hosts of would-be owners. Once more at Earls Court—Austin take the honours!

A30 SEVEN Smart, roomy, dependable—the 'Seven' will again be a big favourite. The high-efficiency O.H.V. engine has a startling performance—speeds over 60 m.p.h. with up to 50 m.p.g. There is ample room for four plus luggage, handsome styling and many big-car refinements.



A40 SPORTS An attractive, active sports car built for enthusiasts. It's the car that travelled round the world in 21 days. The easily-erected hood gives all-weather protection. There is ample room for driver and 3 passengers and plenty of luggage space in the boot.

NEW A40 COUPE A bright newcomer to the Austin range. It's a good-looking, versatile, roomy model for all-round motoring pleasure. The weatherproof hood is easy to operate and can be retained in the 'half-way' position. The curved windscreen and all windows are of toughened glass.

A70 HEREFORD A powerful, smooth-riding family or business saloon. There is comfortable foam-rubber seating and a capacious boot for luggage. It has independent front suspension and wide doors for easy access.

A40 SOMERSET The latest saloon in the famous A40 series. It is roomier, more comfortable and gives an even better performance than the brilliant A40 Devon, the car that captured 12 National and 36 stock car records in the United States.

A125 SHEERLINE A truly distinguished saloon. The 6-cylinder O.H.V. engine gives a smooth, effortless flow of power. The bodywork is gracefully styled, the interior sumptuously fitted. Here is everything to please the most critical motorist. See also the new A135 Princess Limousine on the Vanden Plas Stand No. 102.

STAND 157

AUSTIN—you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

1952—A YEAR OF OUTSTANDING SUCCESS FOR "BRISTOL" 2-LITRE ENGINES

The outstanding racing successes achieved during 1952 by the two-litre "Bristol" engine —basically the same unit as that in the Type 401 saloon—are indicative of the high standards of design and workmanship and the scrupulous attention to detail which have won for this car a proud position in the world of modern motoring.

BRISTOL 2 LITRE

THE CAR DIVISION OF
THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

THE BRISTOL 2-LITRE 401 SALOON

By Appointment
to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.

*AMERICAN COMMENTARY
ON THE ROVER SEVENTY-FIVE

The ROVER Seventy Five

"...and I honestly believe (barring the Rolls-Royce) that there is no finer car built in the world today"

* By Bob Dearborn, Tester, ROAD & TRACK
Road Test No. F - 4 - 52, August, 1952

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON

'Five-Star' cars are *Exciting* *

CONSUL

* *The Motor says...*

PERFORMANCE

ZEPHYR-SIX—
"Outstanding performance . . . the engine turns with really electric motor smoothness . . . will out-accelerate any car in its class."

CONSUL—
"Good all round acceleration . . . very smooth . . . conforms to an acceptable standard of silence."

COMFORT

ZEPHYR-SIX—
"Will carry six people in comfort — with room to spare."

CONSUL—
"The Front suspension is unique . . . an extremely comfortable ride . . . good bump absorption . . . an entire absence of pitch or float."

SAFETY

ZEPHYR-SIX—
"Accurate and sensitive steering . . . potent braking system . . . very safe."

CONSUL—
"Tenacious road holding . . . on corners . . . ease of control . . . the steering is notable for lightness."

STYLE

ZEPHYR-SIX—
"Clean attractive lines . . . fine styling . . . sensible lack of ostentatious decoration."

CONSUL—
"That rare vehicle — an everyman's car that is basically good by any standard."

* *The Autocar says...*

PERFORMANCE

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"A genuine speed of over 80 m.p.h.— will cruise all day between 60 and 70 m.p.h."

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"Full advantage has been taken of modern ideas in design. A quick no-fuss getaway from cold."

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"Roomy without being cumbersome . . . the interior — neat yet business like."

CONSUL—
"The suspension permits very little roll . . . riding is level on average surfaces — severe shock is absorbed."

SAFETY

ZEPHYR-SIX—
"The steering — light and very positive . . . the brakes — powerful yet progressive . . . visibility is extremely good."

CONSUL—
"The car rides extremely well and has powerful brakes . . . steering is fingerlight yet definite."

STYLE

ZEPHYR-SIX—
"A very satisfactory car . . . has a clean external appearance with balance of line."

CONSUL—
"A smart car entirely in the modern style . . . clean lines and a smooth appearance . . . one of the outstanding cars produced since the war in the popular class — has handling qualities that would be acceptable on a car of any price."

CONSUL: £470 plus P.T. £262. 12. 3 **ZEPHYR-SIX: £532 plus P.T. £297. 1. 1**

Greater Value than ever since price reductions

ZEPHYR-SIX

Ford
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
MOTORING
THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

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Where creative vision is allied to practical technique, a new and rare contribution is made to human living.

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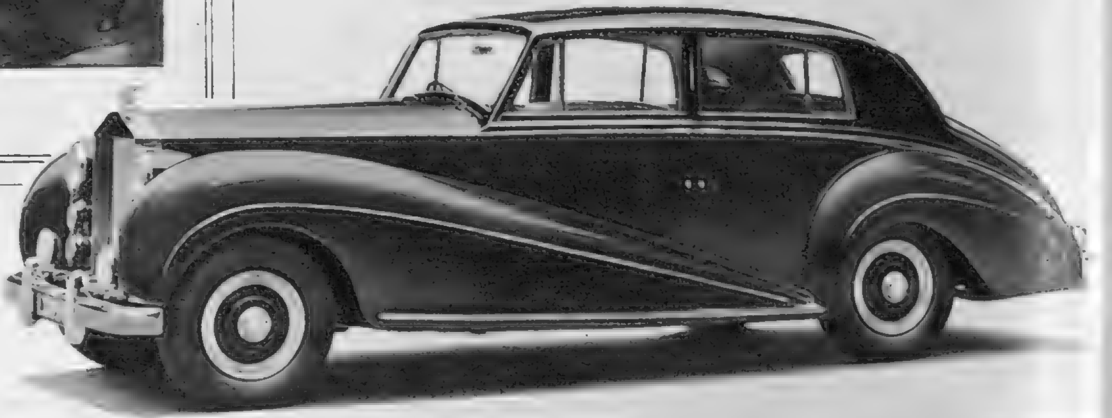


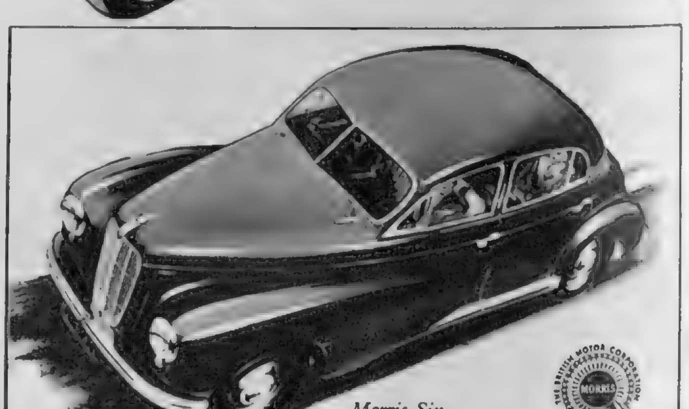
Van Dyck's portrait of King Charles I (reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London) is a study in light and shade, in elegance and dignity.

Morris Minor Saloon

Morris Oxford

3 Ways to enjoy money-saving mileage AND "Quality First" motoring!

Whether you are looking for a comfortable saloon that sweeps you through town or country with the big car comfort and performance of the Morris Oxford or Morris Six . . . or whether you are seeking the economy of the Morris Minor, the world's biggest small car buy — you'll find in the Morris range the answer to your requirements. Morris "Quality First" features include torsion-bar independent front wheel suspension to smooth out the roughest road. Body and chassis are built as one unit for added strength and lightness. Within-wheelbase seating for driver and passengers.



Morris Six

The "Quality First" MORRIS

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD. OVERSEAS BUSINESS: NUFFIELD EXPORTS LIMITED, OXFORD, AND 41 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

C.126B(52)

CAR'S INSIDE STORY

From the first gear change

So many cars are so alike today it's not always easy to know which one you're in — if you're a passenger. It's the inevitable result of mass production.

But the Javelin is not like that. If you have a noticing eye you can tell the difference instantly — sleek lines; very thorough finish; a functional look.

And from the first quick gear change, the car begins to tell you something — assuming you know about cars — as it settles down to its easy, eager stride.

Then you are getting those bumps converted into nothing, just nothing — only torsion bar suspension can do it that way. The Javelin's acceleration is not the old-fashioned sort; you do 50 effortlessly, in a quarter of a minute from standing — and cruise at that.

You look around and see all the leg room and largeness of the back seats and you don't believe that a 1½ litre engine will take four big people up to a genuine 80 — except that you've just done it.

The Javelin is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have one in your hands — real family comfort — economy — *and* performance. Incidentally, the Javelin won outright the Closed Car Section of the R.A.C. International Rally of Great Britain this year.

Best speed, electrically timed, 80 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-50 m.p.h. in 15.4 secs. ("The Motor" 1952 Road Test). Horizontally opposed flat-four engine* gives 30 m.p.g.

The 1½ litre JOWETT JAVELIN

one day—it has to be YOURS!

★ ★

The Javelin's sister car, the JOWETT JUPITER

The 90 m.p.h., high performance Jowett JUPITER, winner of 9 major events in the 1950-51 season. Winner of Le Mans (1½ litre class) for the third year running in 1952. This amazingly successful 1½ litre sports convertible has capacious, externally accessible luggage space.

** Both Javelin and Jupiter employ the Series III engine which has been developed from continued successful competition work and strenuous overseas use. The extensive modifications include a new design crankshaft, new pattern bearings and increased oil flow.*

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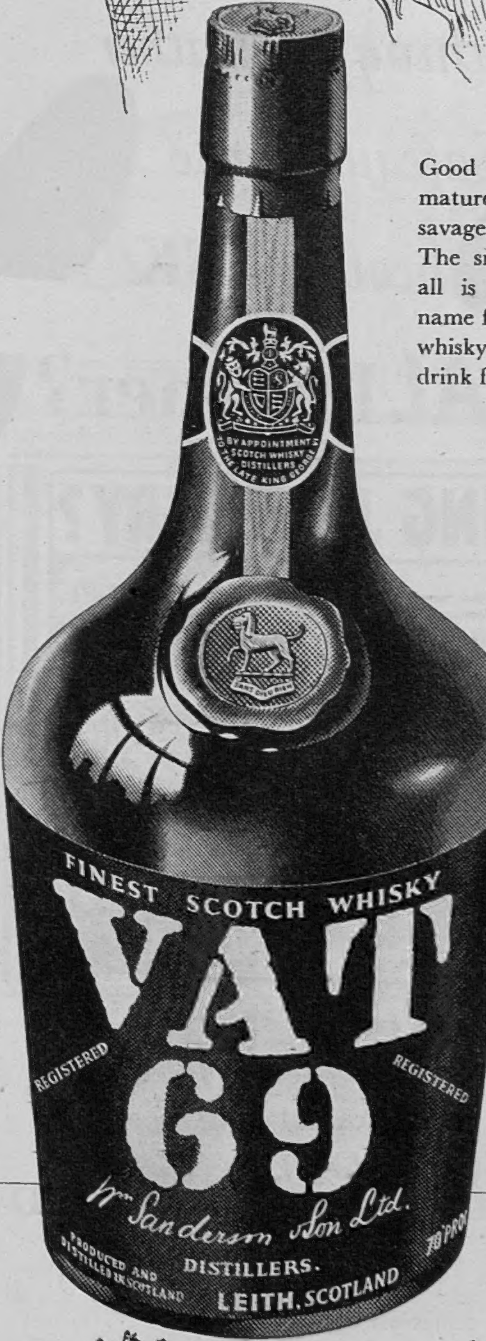
Good Scotch Whisky is a matured spirit with no savagery in it.
The smoothest whisky of all is Vat 69 — a simple name for a famed, smooth whisky — that is the ideal drink for all occasions.



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Scotch Whisky Distillers
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Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

'Quality Tells'

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Your feet must b·r·e·a·t·h·e

Foot perspiration is healthy

but it must escape

Only leather soles allow that.

For health and comfort there's nothing like leather

Safeguard the family's health · ASK

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This is the wine to say 'YES' to!

Dry Pouilly

RESERVE

A distinctive white wine to be served slightly chilled.

Shipped by **Bouchard Aîné** of London

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RECORD PRICES

£10-£5,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings.

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Utilise that spare cupboard or spare room. Make your cellar feed you. Easily grown, cleanly grown. All work completed, these trays are carefully composted and prepared by our experts and are guaranteed to crop, providing our simple instructions are followed. Just water lightly, keep them warm and watch them grow —then pick them for eight weeks. The first crop will be seen after 21 days. After cropping, return tray (which is 2½ ft. × 1½ ft.) together with remittance for 14/6 and this will be returned to you refilled.

ONE TRAY **20/-**

TWO TRAYS **35/-**

Cash with Order

Carr. Paid in England. Scotland add 2/- per tray carr. N. Ireland add 5/- per tray carr.

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began the Platitudinarian,

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"TALKING OF MONEY," interrupted the Man of Affairs, seizing the initiative, "I let Lloyds Bank look after *my* interests. My wife has a current account there, too. I have appointed Lloyds Bank as my executor. I consult them frequently, and fruitfully, on financial aspects of overseas business. And now, my dear Sir, if you will excuse me, I must get along to the Bank—I'm going abroad in a few days and I find it always helps to have a word with Lloyds Bank before I travel. Thank you for a most informative and profitable conversation."

Let LLOYDS BANK look after *your* interests

1677

Scotch Whisky in its golden age embodies the rare skill possessed by those great Houses whose names guarantee perfection and distinguish preference. It is the one spirit that is "right" for every occasion. So stick to Scotch—and give it a name . . .

Don't be Vague ask for Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

Gilding the

LILLET

Curaçao or Anisette?

Among people with perceptive palates there's quite a debate. Should a Gin and Lillet have a dash of Curaçao? By all means—if you like it that way. But in our experience the simplest and best cocktail—beyond all question—is 2/3 Gin, 1/3 Lillet plus a dash of Marie Brizard Anisette for added piquancy. Try it—and settle the argument.

★ ***In the 1952 WORLD COCKTAIL COMPETITION, Lillet was a main ingredient in the 1st and 4th cocktails chosen.***

Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

"I'll just get some THREE CASTLES"

Knowing the little things that make the most of any occasion—that's *important.* Knowing a really good cigarette—that's *more important.* Getting THREE CASTLES Cigarettes every time—that's *most important.*

20 for 3/11

The "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes

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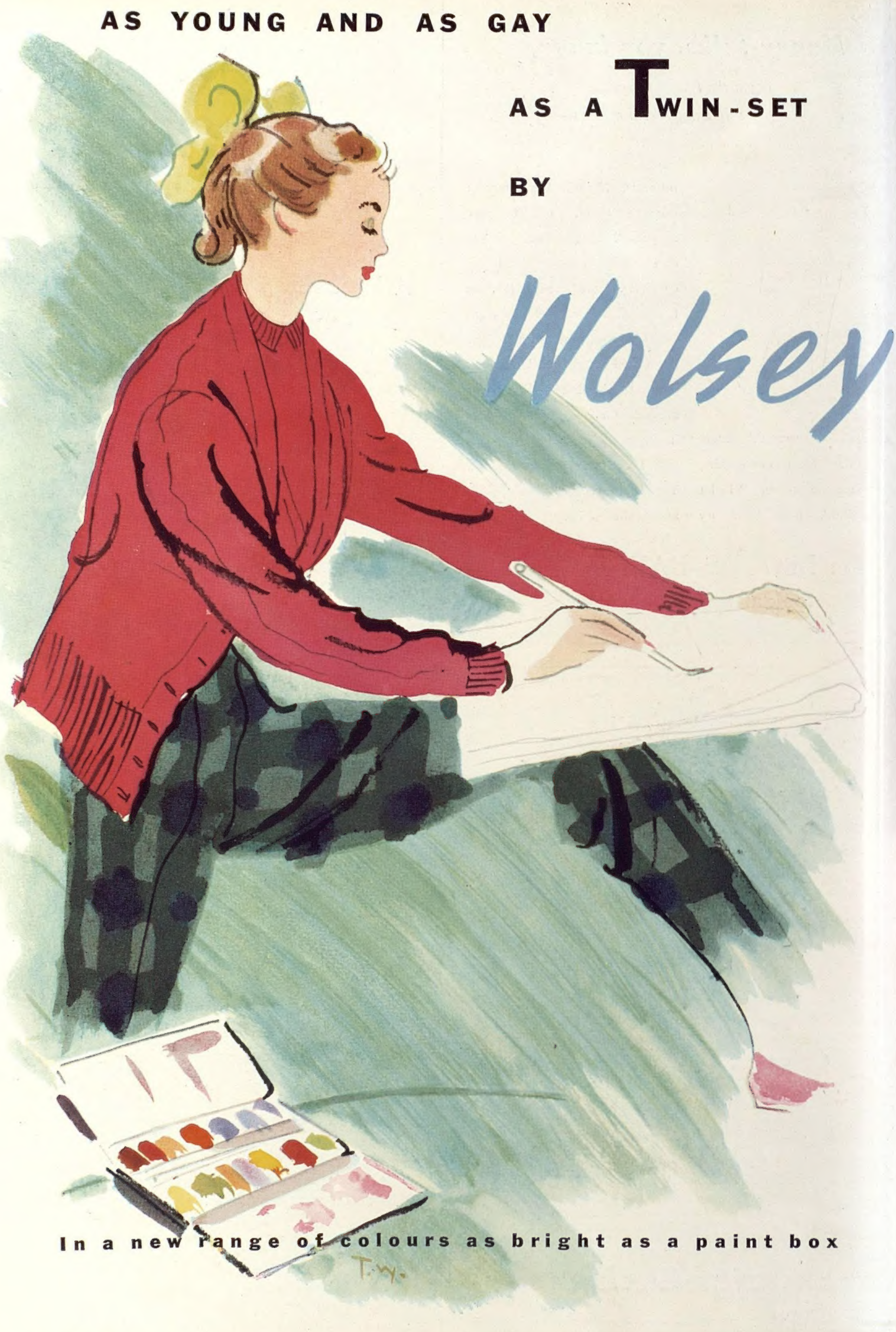

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, October 22, 1952. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.